CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE MEANING OF A SMILE

We speak in many tongues, we men,
  Who do the work that men must do
With sword and spade and plough and pen—
  My language may be strange to you;
I may not know when you complain,
  Nor comprehend if you revile;
Your preaching may be all in vain,
  But we are brothers when we smile.

The Malay may not understand
  When I explain to him my creed;
The Mongol, all unmoved and bland,
  May think that I am mad, indeed;
To them the words I use may be
  A jargon fashioned to beguile,
But they extend their hands to me
  And know my meaning when I smile.

The spoken word may not convey
  The slightest meaning to our minds,
But from the coldest Lapland bay
  To where Magellan's channel winds,
From Ganges to the Amazon,
  From frozen Yukon to the Nile
And from the Hudson to the Don—
  There is one meaning for a smile.

We speak in many tongues, we men
  Who hurry after wealth or fame;
Your words may have no meaning when
  You give the stranger praise or blame,
But, though his land is not your land,
  You may be brothers for a while,
For he will not misunderstand
  You when you grasp his hand and smile.

—*Samuel Ellsworth Kiser.*

Drawn by Bradley W. Evitt Anastasia—see page 101

"THE MAPLES WERE TURNED TO RUDDY HUE. THE BREATH OF AUTUMN WAS HEAVY IN THE AIR. WHAT A CHILD YOU WERE, ANASTASIA! * * * AH, GIRL, GIRL, IT SEEMS BUT YESTERDAY I MET YOU BY THE CROSSROADS."

CANADA WEST

VOLUME VI. JUNE NUMBER 2

PRINCE RUPERT BACHELORS

BY WILLIAM DUNSEITH EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"UP at Dawson about ten years back," said one of the Thoroughbred Bachelors, "I dropped a pot of money because I was late getting in. This time I'm sitting on the doorstep until things open. I'm in at the beginning, and I'm going to win out strong."

That is the attitude of all the people at Prince Rupert. They have come here to be in "at the beginning," and so far as I have been able to learn, they mean to stay on thereafter. They constitute an inchoate community, of variable numbers, making themselves as comfortable as circumstances permit, and being generally alike in two particulars: they are cheerful, and bachelors.

The cheerfulness detected the bachelorhood some time ago, and thereupon the one and only class distinction was evolved. The bachelors are of two kinds, one Thoroughbred, the other American. A stranger could not tell them apart, but there is a difference. The Thoroughbred Bachelor has never been married. The American may have been, but is not now. I think the American designation rests upon most of the demarried men having come from the States. A misogynist might call it a difference between freeman and freedman, but that is not for me to say.

This is written late in the month of March, during the last weeks before the official establishment of the city. The present unsettled life, with its charm of hope and expectancy, its acceptance of things in the rough, and its good fellowship, will shortly give way to a settled order. A city fully planned is being flung far out across a mountain wilderness, hundreds of miles beyond the advancing rails. It will come into being at a single stroke, and grow by processes carefully predetermined.

As I look out upon the place where it will stand, I see on one side the engineers at work putting in a system of streets and drainage. On the other side are wharves, with shipping tied up or coming and going; and beyond that the waters of the bay and their wide outlet to the open sea. Scattered over the ground where the engineers are busy are many tent-roofed shacks, built of inch boards, squatted anywhere. These shelter the men who are waiting to become the first citizens. At wide intervals are the first permanent buildings. An hotel faces seaward. On the water front are the offices of the harbor-authorities and the railway company. A little farther in are two banks and a few rather biggish general stores. These banks and stores are for the purposes of the company primarily, though whoso wishes may deal with them.

TENT-ROOFED SHACKS ARE SCATTERED ANYWHERE

A few days ago—on the seventh of March—the Grand Trunk Pacific and the provincial government made it known that they would open the sale of town lots on or immediately after the first of May, and a considerable celebration ensued, because this was the first definite announcement of an event that has been patiently waited for these many months. Meanwhile, all are free to pick out what they wish to buy, but until then no lots will be sold.

Plenty will be written about Prince Rupert later, while it is being built, and after. But the present phase is preparatory and suffused with that delightful anticipation which precedes any important event, or the beginning of a great performance. It is commercial in its outlook only, and the outlook itself, though confident, has an element of wistfulness. The merely human note is dominant now. Presently it will give way to the steady thrum of business, a diapason of traffic, vibrating round the globe. The units in that serious, purposeful collection of men yonder in the shacks will have separated and shifted and found new places in the ferment of a city that in most ways will be like other cities. I would like to say something about this phase before it vanishes.

The Thoroughbred Bachelor who had dropped his money in the Dawson rush shed the light of contrast on it when he told me some of his experiences in that strenuous camp, where life and death and gold and food and failure and fortune and primitive passions all swirled together in a chaos indistinguishable, and the many went down to reckless destruction while the few beat out to success.

"We used to say up there that 'anything beat nothing all to hell,'" said he, "and as a matter of fact that was so. There wasn't any comfort. Any kind of shelter and any sustenance was better than none, and good enough. This isn't so vivid, but it's livable and pleasant, and there is no dangerous gamble in it."

He has his shack on wheels, this Thoroughbred, so that he may haul it around complete when he buys his lot, instead of having to tear it down and build it up again.

"I want to buy this lot," he explained, "but somebody else may get it, and then I'd lose my castle if I hadn't got it all fixed to roll away to the one I do buy."

This instance illustrates the quality wherein Prince Rupert sets a new mark of sanity in such affairs. The first gatherings around a town site in the West, not so very long ago, were tumultuous, alcoholic, quick on the trigger, and generally mixed. They

always made me think of the navy man's report to the Admiralty on the manners and customs of certain South Pacific natives: "Manners, none. Customs, beastly." This case is new to me, in that decency, and perfect good order, touched with many of the amenities, are the most noticeable things about it. The men you meet are just like those you have been used to seeing in the familiar streets back east. They are well-behaved, well-fed, and well-enough-dressed. Here and there is a finely-tailored specimen. Then again a tame Matlahkatlah or Massot Indian, tailored not at all. But in the main, they are just plain, good people. There is none of the romance of disorder, the uproarious speech or the more uproarious act, that memory associates with earlier days in towns "at the end of the railroad." The border bar-room, the dance-house and the dishevelled female, are not in the scheme, and nobody ever "shoots up" anything. Newcomers are taken on their merits, and find nothing rude or weird. It would be deadly dull in its respectability if it were not so cheerful, so friendly, and so much engrossed in the thing that is about to be done.

Like many other of the Thoroughbreds, my friend the Bachelor-on-wheels had been a Drifter.

A Drifter is a man of education and abilities, having the Pacific and its shores and islands for his habitat. He never stops more than a few weeks or a year or two in any one place, because if he did a blue-grey mould would grow upon his soul, such as you see on a forgotten loaf of bread. He needs the attrition of uneasy life to keep him fresh. The real Drifter has special gifts or acquirements that make him welcome anywhere, so long as he goes on drifting. When middle life overtakes him and he drives his homestake, he is a valuable man in his community, because he is capable, and knows much about many things. This particular

THERE ARE TWO RATHER BIGGISH GENERAL STORES

Drifter was taking his ease and reading his Horace when I found him. He is getting ready to tie up here.

"I'm going to settle down and get married," said he. That seems to be the general Thoroughbred intention.

There are two barristers, ready to further the ends of justice for a financial consideration, just as soon as the town is under weigh. They came from Ontario. There is a doctor, but he was an idle and an anxious man until the company has its own medical staff to take care of accident cases among its employes.

The women will come later. There are a few here now, mostly the wives of Reformed or Rescued Thoroughbreds, who married and brought them along to be on the ground when it comes to building the house. These women, young and good looking every one, enjoy the life.

"It's just like camping out," said

LOOKING SHOREWARD FROM THE HARBOR WATERS

day after the celebration that followed the announcement of the opening date, when a megalocephalous affliction smote the whole of Bachelordom, calling for hydropathy, kindly counsel, and bromides. That was endemic, however, and due to a special cause. The place is almost absurdly healthful, and one of them. She had been married only a few weeks. I think nearly all of them are brides.

"There's a lot of honeymoonin' goin' on around here," chuckled one of the elder men, who is neither Thoroughbred nor American, but only just a veteran married man intending to go

AN HOTEL FACES SEAWARD

in for hardware and bring out his family from New Brunswick. He was not unsympathetic, but he looked as though he knew more about "a song at twilight" than of "love's young dream."

It really is like camping out, only when you camp out there are no neighbors and you don't mean to stay, as these young couples do They are living in a semi-sylvan sort of Bohemia for the moment—delightedly, or at the worst, without complaint In another ten years, when this is a great sea-port, they will be the first ladies of Prince Rupert society, with daughters queening it where the shacks are now.

Occasionally one of the Thoroughbreds disappears for a time, and comes back in double harness. There is a nebulous society already forming, lighted by honeymoons.

The demarried Bachelors called American have more restless ways. Some of them have money almost to the ostentation point, and make trips

ON THE OTHER HAND ARE WHARVES WITH SHIPPING TIED UP

HERE IS ONE OF THE TWO FIRST BANKS

to Seattle and other places down the coast. But the majority are sticking it out here, faithfully.

No liquor is sold. The company's authority extends far beyond the limits, and this rule is rigid. If a man for any reason should raise a thirst, he must either choke it to death or carry it to Port Essington, on the Skeena, some hours away by boat. The megalocephalous occasion above referred to was ebullient and winked at. Nobody asked where the cider came from nor who brought it in, though probably it came from Port Essington by pocket. Until the "difference in the morning" none was noticed except an effervescent mutual interest in each other's health among all the Bachelors, and a tendency toward evening to burst forth in song. One of the American Bachelors who has a name like Texas and the voice of an angel sang far into the night, delightfully audible all over the place, and some miles out to sea. Happy Texas! Happy everybody, with good reason, and nobody the worse. The Prince Rupert lid had not been even so much as tilted.

Port Essington is wide open, being beyond the company's jurisdiction; and so vigorous in the exercise of its untrammeled freedom that "a perpendicular man is regarded with suspicion," as I heard a visiting Englishman say. The inhibition at Prince Rupert is not so much on moral as on business grounds. The work there and the construction work on the railway line eastward to meet the westward construction in the mountains, employs many men, and it is for these rather than for the incomers that the rule is enforced.

Early in February one of the contractors on this construction was killed by an explosion of dynamite. The place was about fifty miles inland, and there was no way to bring in the body other than by handsled. So they brought it, wrapped in canvas, over the roughest country on this end of the right of way. When it is said the

journey took a week, its difficulties may be guessed, but this is a Christian country, and the men were not going to leave their friend's poor body in the lonely hills, when a week's hardship would give it decent burial among the kind he had known in life.

Everybody has funds invested, or ready to invest. Many have bought land in the neighborhood where title could be had, and some have put money into the mines hereabout. The future is so sure that these investments have been freely made, in amounts that would foot up a large total. The American Bachelors have been especially active in that sort of thing.

All the homeseekers are not bunched in and around the city lines. Some have gone considerable distances out to the country, and to the islands nearby. One of these island settlers was found not long since suffering from an inflammation of the vermiform appendix. They had to bring him over to Prince Rupert in a sail-boat, and on the voyage he became delirious and had to be strapped down. He was pretty far gone when they delivered him at the hospital, but the doctors pulled him through, and he is back on his island again.

It is not my intention here to tell about Prince Rupert as it is to be—nor as it is planned. But there are a few things that should be said for the benefit of such as may have it in mind to speculate in real estate, or who are fired with the idea of coming here to find employment. Prince Rupert is not for all markets.

Two thousand acres, or only a fraction more than three out of thirty-odd square miles owned by the company, constitute the town site, and have been surveyed, platted, cleared, improved, and made ready for occupancy. These three square miles are on the waterfront. Three sides are bordered widely by company land, which is reserved for

ON THE WATER FRONT ARE THE OFFICES OF THE HARBOR AUTHORITIES

the "future development of the port," and is not to be opened for sale. When the time comes for making additions to Prince Rupert, or creating suburbs, the company will take care of them. Outside speculation is thus shut off in advance. There are no means by which speculation in city lots can be stopped, and if there were, it is not likely they would be brought into play. But thanks be—there is no chance for any such disaster-breeding boom as Winnipeg had in the eighties, nor any chance making it at all worth while to flock to Prince Rupert in the hope of a flying profit.

And the man with a good salaried position would better stay where he is, unless under special circumstances he comes in answer to a call. There is plenty of talent on the coast now to supply all the demands of the immediate future, from manual labor up.

Prince Rupert is no hapchance place. It is part of a gigantic enterprise, fully elaborated and successfully carried forward to within easy hail of completion. The Atlantic is at the other end of the line that shortly will be carrying to and fro the traffic of half a world. In course of not very long time, the city will cover and maybe overlap the present thirty-square-miles tract.

The splendid soldier and gallant gentleman whose name it bears stood once within a handsbreadth of the throne. The crown he might have worn has never had a jewel more fair than this is sure to be

---

THE WORKMEN

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

CAME to the Workmen one who said:
"The works we do are done in vain;
There is no man shall live again,
Or hear God's praise when he is dead.

"Yea, what shall be the good of us
When Time has crept a little space,
And, leering from his later place,
Has seen us one with Daedalus:

"Our cunning caverns blocked with drift;
Our engines rusted into earth;
Our strange devices nothing worth—
Forgotten every trick and shift;

"Our songs unsung save by the gust;
Our limnings rotted line and dye;
Our proven things deep buried by
The silent, unrefuted dust

"Fools all!" he cried. Yet undismayed,
They smiled and spurred the weary hand
And carved their glimpse of God in sand,
And for the joy of making, made.

—*Wander Songs.*

The Changeling

by Madge Macbeth
Author of "The Intruders" etc.

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

CHAPTER I.

TWILIGHT closed around the shivering people, who waited on a wet and slimy platform, for the departure of the New York train.

The day had been one of those October mistakes, which slid into being a month before its time, shuddering at its very abortiveness and relapsing into dreary, sobbing gusts of mist and rain.

Lorna Sayre dragged herself wearily up the flight of steps leading from the station and walked slowly through the crowded streets. As the departing train shrieked its warning to the unwary workman picking his homeward way on the slippery ties, she felt as though it were a cry wrung from the soul of Chester—her husband.

A newsboy raucously cried the headlines of his paper. "All about the death of Mr. James Courtney, at Saranac, New York,—one cent!"

Saranac! The word danced in blood before her eyes. How long before the same boy would parade a like item for sale, about Chester?

Tired almost to numbness, Lorna allowed her brain to conjure up what scenes it would, gleaming a sort of grim pleasure from the pain they caused her. With the deadening of the bodily senses came keenness of mental perception, and pictures of the past rolled by—a vivid, aching panorama.

There was her happy care-free girlhood—not luxurious, but abundantly comfortable—her hosts of friends, tempestuous love affairs, which had invariably been a source of pain to her, bringing ever a sickening sensation, at the necessity to cause suffering; there was her meeting with Chester, a man of seemingly impenetrable reserve, which attracted, even while it repelled her; the realization of his love, absolutely unwavering, the old-fashioned love of a lifetime; their engagement, a mystery to her friends—perhaps to herself; their marriage and removal to a distant city; an awakening, which Lorna had loyally put from her—even now she made a struggle to blot out the picture of those first few months, called by some derisive prince of jesters—*the honeymoon*.

How vividly she remembered the little room her husband had selected as *Home*. Of the "furnished-rooms-for-light-housekeeping" variety—a draped mantel, generously decorated with large, dusty sea-shells, and a vase, containing three moulting peacock feathers; the hideous base burner upon which she was supposed to get a bite of breakfast and perhaps lunch; grotesque landscapes—premiums given in exchange for soap wrappers, which covered faded or torn places on the wall; a large glutinous design in wax adorned a three-legged table, a tribute to the sculptor's art, representing two ill-shaped hands clasped over a melancholy, drooping wreath, the whole encased in a cracked glass dome. This—*this* was to be their home!

"I could have borne squalor better than this genteel respectability," was Lorna's inward cry. "Oh, much, much better!"

She smiled at the thought of her shrinking from telling Chester how distasteful their quarters were to her,

and of her wish to look for another place; of his inability to see that it was not to live more expensively she asked, but merely—to Live.

She remembered his invariable answer whenever the subject was brought up: "I know it is not what you have been accustomed to, but we have each other, and those who are content to begin at the bottom eventually come out on top. Be satisfied for a few years to live like the poor people you know—not like the wealthy ones."

The question of dollars and cents had been a grim factor from the very first, for Lorna had given herself trustingly to the man whom she thought had won her, and it was not until some weeks after their marriage that the girl discovered how totally unable Chester Sayre was to provide, even modestly, for a wife.

The reserve, which had impressed Lorna as indicative of force concealed a pitiful lack of it, an inability to "make good" from a worldly standpoint, and while her disappointment was in a measure terrible, there evolved in her a feeling of maternal loyalty—a solicitude for Chester, condoning his faults and failures, which otherwise would have driven her to despair.

For a time it seemed as though the only ray of comfort left her was the fact that she was too far away to be in actual touch with her former friends, and the few new ones she made could not compare her with any old standards.

Then the boy Edward came. Lorna caught her breath as she remembered the horrible night before his birth—Chester's agony and his incoherent prayers for her life. She saw, as though a third person looking on, how she had been touched by his misery, and, forgetting her own, had tried to comfort him.

Then things had brightened. A substantial raise in salary now made it possible for her to take her proper place among the people where she lived, and Chester, apparently, was content to spend what he had in promoting her comfort.

Another baby came; still another, and with them a tightening of the reins. Nurses and doctors made a big demand on a still slender income, and with other trials Chester's health began to fail. This first became noticeable in fits of brutal irritability, directed against her, which, in her own run-down state, were cruelly hard to bear.

Lorna sighed when she thought of the long nights spent in trying to quiet the fretful, ailing child so that its incessant crying might not disturb Chester.

The strong face of Clinton Northrop rose clear before her, beautiful with what has been described as the 'womanhood of man". She lived again the few happy months Fay had spent with them, smiling wistfully at the recollection of Chester's plan of matchmaking, which Fay had been so quick to see—and reject. And now he was gone! How strange the house would be without him; how the children would ask for him and talk of him—he was more than half child himself—so dependent on her care.

As she opened the door of her house, a glad cry welcomed her.

"Nanny, it's mudder," shouted a baby voice, "now we will have tea."

A middle-aged woman came out into the hall, carrying one child in her arms and another on her back.

"Shure, an' it's the lamb herself," she said. "It's worn out ye are, Oi can see thot, wid half an eye. Come right in, and have a dish of tay, mavourneen."

Lorna smiled faintly, and laid her wraps on the nearest chair.

"How has the baby been?" she asked.

Nanny touched the little cheek resting on her ample bosom.

"May the Virgin bless him, he's been as quiet as a mouse," she said, evasively.

"But he coughed, mudder," volunteered Edward, the eldest, "like this, and this," putting his hand to his throat and gagging.

"Indade, mum, the b'y's afther exaggeratin'," protested Nanny, glibly. "Sit down an' ate your tay."

"Where's daddy's plate?" asked Edward.

"Your father's gone away, dear," his mother told him, quietly.

"To stay?"

"No, only until he gets better."

"What made' him sick, mudder?" asked the boy, with that unfailing persistence characteristic of the child mind.

Lorna's thoughts were following the lonely man, huddled in his fur coat, who she knew was counting the miles the rocking train put between him and his family. She idly fingered the pepper box as the boy repeated his question, "Why, he took too much pepper, I think, darling," was her vague reply.

* * * * *

When Clinton Northrop came into Lorna Sayre's life, she realized with a jealous pang, all that Chester might have been.

This man who bore a striking facial resemblance to her husband was like him in many other ways, but Northrop was the finished article, while Chester seemed still in the making.

The first time Lorna was allowed down stairs, after the baby's birth, Chester brought his friend to dinner

"We're doomed to dislike each other, Mrs Sayre," was Northrop's laughing greeting to her. "For weeks, I have had you for a daily diet, and I flatter myself that you have heard of me, er—not too adversely."

Lorna held up her hands in mock horror. "Don't!" she begged. "Both the baby and I are of secondary importance in comparison to you. In fact, I never knew Chester quite so enthusiastic about anyone before. Chester," turning to her husband, "haven't I accused you of being in love with Mr. Northrop?"

"Better that I should be than you," he returned, with a facetious smile

"Oh, you have been too clever for that, Sayre," complained the guest. "Praising us to each other, as you know, a'ways has the opposite effect."

While the two men engaged in similar banter, Lorna took swift note of the man at her table.

Like Chester, he was tall and athletic-looking. His blonde hair was thick and crisp, growing well off his high and slightly prominent forehead The marked difference between the two men lay in their eyes. Where Chester's brows and lashes were fair, the same shade as his hair, Northrop's were almost black, shading his clear blue eyes, which were in reality lighter than

LORNA DRAGGED HERSELF WEARILY UP THE STEPS

Chester's, so that they had the appearance of being quite dark.

Both were clean-shaven, both had rather large straight mouths, Chester's giving the suggestion of looseness at the corners, and Northrop's suggesting compression. But on the whole, they could easily have been taken for brothers

There was, however, an indefinable power radiating from this man, of which Lorna was at once conscious; a certainty that what he set out to do, he would do, and that it would be the right thing to do.

"I believe I have broken into your sanctum with a purpose," said Northrop, turning to his hostess.

"You are awfully good to accept such a responsibility," replied Lorna, smiling. "I used to think that going to the dentist and choosing a hat were the greatest nerve rackers in life, but they shrivel and fade away in comparison with naming a baby."

"Especially when we had a name chosen, ready to be fitted as it were, and it turned out to be the wrong kind of name," Chester interposed.

"Well, the solution is here," Clinton handed Mrs. Sayre a small box, "if the gentleman is dissatisfied with the arrangement, let him settle with me."

Lorna undid the wrappings and made an exclamation of pleasure as she read, printed on a diminutive visiting card, Clinton Northrop Sayre.

"Splendid," she said, raising her eyes to Northrop, "I trust he will be worthy of it." And in that instant both were conscious of a deeper current of feeling than mere friendship—a something which at the time they did not recognize—and even afterwards, never put into words.

"But that is not the entire plot," Chester explained, as they left the dining room, "the arch conspirator there," pointing to his wife, "has something of almost—notice I say almost, Lorna—greater importance up her sleeve."

Lorna colored slightly. "Chester makes it sound very silly," she said, feeling a slight tinge of annoyance at her husband, "there is no conspiracy. His cousin, whom I have never seen, will be here to-morrow, and she is to share the honors with you, at the baby's christening—and—and we rather hoped you would be nice to her—that's all," she ended, with an uncomfortable laugh.

Northrop received this information with something like indifference, though his gaze rested on Lorna's heightened color, with a pleasure in her sensitiveness, which shrank at the bald way her husband laid bare plans, obviously his. The look he bent on Lorna was, however, unnoticed by Chester, who was laughingly saying: "Oh, these matchmakers! Given two eligible people, of opposite sexes, and a married woman—well, Northrop, I see your finish, old fellow. Under any circumstances you would be at a disadvantage, but the case is hopeless with Fay Chester in the field."

"Is she so irresistible?" asked Clinton, with a polite show of interest.

"She's a witch," said Chester. "I have tried to explain her charm to Lorna, but can't. It is most elusive—never knew another woman like her—anything like her. She has very few of the attributes that are usually accredited to women—nothing of the appealing feminine in her, you know. Nothing of womanly dependence and arts—though I fancy her unlucky star is to blame for that."

"How so?"

"Well, her parents were killed in a railway accident, and left her to the care of an aunt who spoiled her, until she was sixteen and then died, leaving her independent, and alone as far as relatives go, for she has absolutely no blood relation except me."

"Poor girl," said Northrop, watching the shadows from the fire play on Lorna's face. To him, she represented the essence of repose and peace.

"Poor nothing," continued Chester, warming to his subject. "She enjoys it! She's just the kind to make the most of having her own way, and of having no unasked-for advice thrust upon her from people she felt obliged to respect. And clever"—he whistled—"man alive, she's all brains! Just wait!"

"I am oppressed with the idea of

such a paragon, really within my grasp," said Northrop, rising. "I hope you won't leave me alone, struggling in her clutches, at the start, Mrs. Sayre," he said, as he bid Lorna good-night.

The firm pressure of his clasp was returned by her, with a cool, soft hand. So few women know how to shake hands, he thought,—they either give you three limp fingers, or a spasmodic squeeze with a nervous titter, but hers was so different. On the way home, he fancied he could still feel the cool, steady pressure of her hand, as she raised her eyes to his and said, "Come 'any way to see her."

CHAPTER II.

FAY CHESTER had been extremely unwise in the selection of her parents. So many of us are!

Her mother was an actress of the emotional school, who became temporarily captivated by the attentions of Artimus Chester, a stern, puritanical clergyman seeking to strip life of every pleasure and amusement, and to reduce it to a strictly mathematical basis. She married him in a moment of highly intensified religious fervor, and regretted the promise to forsake her profession the instant her back was turned upon the officiating minister.

Fay's father was of the austere, rigorous type often found in religious circles, a replica of the hyper-sacrificial days, which we associate with the names of Savonarola and his disciples.

He was never known to acknowledge or correct a mistake, being supremely confident in his own views on life and living; bending conditions and circumstances to fit his needs, rather than adapting himself to any paths outside the limited radius of his prescribed course.

FAY WAS A TRIM LITTLE FIGURE UNSOILED BY THREE DAYS' TRAVEL

"A thing is either good or it is bad," he often said. "It is either right or it is wrong. Extenuations and excuses are only cloaks for cowardice and vice, and there is but one standard for us all."

He dissected everything except religion, which he accepted in its narrowest sense, and he taught his child, more by example than training, to probe and analyze. Learn! Learn!! Learn!!! Discover the why! Reject the fanciful, crush imagination; starve romance; feed on fact! Like Gradgrind he forbade fairy tales, and, until years after her babyhood, Fay was quite ignorant of the prescribed nursery rhymes. Music was a vice, leading through its alluring channel of emotion to the senses; Art was but a vulgar excuse for familiarity between the sexes.

Just how Annette Chester lived, even ten years, in the daily presence of her husband has never been explained. It may have been possible owing to the stolen hours of "play," when she would hide with her child in the dim attic under the eaves, and there, in the for-

bidden splendor of spangled silks and satins, redolent of stage romance, the grown-up child and the child-woman would live in delicious flights of fancy and imagination. During these hours Fay was but another Annette Carey, throwing herself, with perfect ease, into the roles her mother taught her and when exhausted, she would lie at full length on the floor and drink in the fullness of her mother's beauty—her throbbing, stirring, appealing voice—wondering in her childish way how this could be one and the same with the deadened, lifeless woman who sat opposite her father at the table.

Fay never *acted*, she *was* the person, and from the "playhouse," she would run to her father's study and enter into his puritanical discussions with all the vim she had displayed along diametrically opposite lines an instant before.

The mother's heart would ache cruelly, to see how little the child really belonged to her, for at times the Reverend Artimus Chester instilled into her baby mind a wholesome loathing for her mother's passionate caresses.

"Don't kiss me, mammy," Fay would say, petulantly. "It's so silly!"

And Annette, releasing the dainty figure reluctantly, could only sob and murmur:

"My little Changeling!"

After the death of her parents, the first struggle of Fay's life began. Aunt Emmeline's character was strengthened, considerably more than her niece's, by the contact.

She was a lovable old maid—a half-sister to the Reverend Artimus—whose very gentleness and amiability were a perennial source of irritation to that gentleman. However, after the accident, Aunt Emmeline was a real haven of refuge.

She was never known to definitely decide any question or express any opinion, unhampered by a veering toward the opposite view.

This looking at subjects from all points was, to her, proof of her broad-mindedness. It could not be said to be a valuable asset, however, in the qualities necessary to the training of a child.

The simple matter of a gown would invariably be discussed like this: "What dress will you wear, my love?"

"Well, Auntie, it looks like rain, and I hate to spoil the pink one; do you think my blue looks nice enough?"

"Oh, I should decide on the blue, by all means, dearie, for as you say — Still, if the Morgans are very much dressed you would feel annoyed at not having put on your pink—"

"Yes, I suppose the pink one then, only—"

"Oh, dear no; don't think of taking this as final; let us say the blue."

"But, Auntie, do you *think* it will rain?" Fay would ask, in desperation.

Aunt Emmeline would then lay her work carefully aside, and stand in deep thought, scanning the cloudy sky. Finally, she would say: "Well, dear, it may rain—or it may not."

So the child soon learned to decide every question for herself, and the consequence was that she developed a strength of will and steadfastness of purpose envied by people double her years. Although not in the least contemptuous of her friends and associates Fay always felt herself an equal, and generally a superior person, in point of mind. And because she had confidence in herself others grew to depend on her. She was initiative and creative.

There were many times, however, when the weight of responsibility oppressed her, and she would sigh drearily, and say: "If only some one could be near to tell me things. I get so tired of being both the question and the answer."

The mystery of attraction was, early, one of the absorbing problems. Why do some people like each other and some people hate each other? Why are women different with women than with men, and why is not a man's man also a woman's? Why do people's heads and hearts not work in unison? How is it that, although I respect and in a measure reverence Aunt Emmeline, I prefer Mrs. Corbett, for instance, who is said to neglect her husband and children, and is not called *good?*

These and many similar questions did the child, the girl, the woman, Fay Chester, put to herself. And slowly there evolved an answer.

In it she recognized the daughter of her father; affections fade, the mind grows keen; the heart tires, the head thirsts, –if we could live on a purely intellectual plane, we would be gods instead of worms.

And men? The strange attraction she found so hard to reconcile with people of good mental qualities, was a dominant note in her own character. While remaining unconscious of this, she was comparatively free from introspection, but as the fact forced itself upon her, that to men she had a certain irresistibility, she began to weigh the matter

"It isn't my mind they like," she would say, "for some of them haven't sense enough to see I have one, and I can't be as pretty as they say, for women don't think me pretty. So, what is it?"

She spoke of it to her aunt, ending: "If kissing a man all day is necessary when one loves him, I can *never* love any one, Aun- [illegible] time for *feel ing* takes the place of mentalities, I done with men," she said, vehe- "There must be a chord left

"Oh, you have not met the right one, arie," suggested the trite Miss Ches- er, "you are only sixteen and could be expected to know your own art or mind yet."

"Do you think that is it?" asked ay, eagerly.

"Why, of course," answered the unt. "Although now that I think of it I do know of people to whom the little god of love has never— Yes, yes, it might be that you will never love. Still one can never say, positively—"

Fay sighed and moved away.

At the death of the faithful, well-meaning woman who had done her wavering best by the enigmatical charge left to her care, Fay scarcely felt a pang. Mentally there was a loss— "What shall I do with my brains, now that there are only questions to answer for one, instead of two," she asked herself, wistfully. "Poor, dear Auntie!"

"WHAT A MESS MEN MAKE OF STRATEGIC MOVES", FAY LAUGHED

For three years she took courses in languages, music and art, always reading greedily everything which came into her hands during the hours she could spare from her studies. Like her father she was insatiable in her thirst for knowledge, but unlike him, she read to sympathize with the author and his creations; Artimus Chester read to criticize or to censure.

When Lorna's invitation came, it found her in the throes of a new love affair, one which held her mind and attention in an unusual manner, and she was very glad to drop it and go West, in order to have time to think matters over.

As she stepped from the platform, a trim little figure, untarnished by the soil of three days' travel, she and Lorna gravitated together as though magnetized.

"Oh, Lorna, I am so glad you are going to like me –just *me*," she cried whimsically, in greeting.

"You funny little thing," Lorna replied, laughing. "What should I like, if it were not you—just you?"

Fay shrugged her shoulders.

"You will see, some time," she answered, gaily. "Where is Chester? Oh, here—well, do you know, you have changed more than I dreamed possible—improved, I should say; my respect and admiration for Lorna deepens."

Chester kissed his cousin affectionately. She was one of the few people of whom he was particularly fond.

"Well, you don't change, anyway," he said. "You are precisely the same girl I saw at Aunt Emmeline's—how many years ago? Does she look like what I told you, Lorna?" he asked his wife.

"Not in the least," answered Mrs. Sayre. "Men are never accurate in describing anything. Here is the house, and this is Edward. Come, Phoebe, speak to your cousin Fay."

When Lorna left the two alone, Chester turned to the girl and said:

"It will not take long for you to discover that my life is almost narrow now, being bound by Lorna and the children—and latterly by this fellow Northrop whom you will meet to-night," he added, clumsily.

There was a silence, broken by Fay's infectious laugh.

"Oh, you bungler," she cried. "What a pitiful mess men make of strategic moves. I often wonder how so many of them hold positions on diplomatic corps. Most of them have a wife or some other interested female to lend them a guiding hand, though." She laughed again. "So Fay must help keep your diverging interests concentrated, and cast her lot with 'this fellow Northrop'. Is that the idea?"

"Your perspicuity is astonishing, though what I might have expected," rejoined Chester, squeezing his cousin's arm. "Don't tell Lorna the plot is discovered; though, as a matter of fact, she is one of the few women who do not go in extensively for match-making. This idea"—he made a sweeping bow—"is mine." Fay waved him carelessly aside.

"I suppose Lorna feels that, having procured the only genuine article herself, she can't pass off counterfeit on the rest of us suffering womankind without a twinge of conscience," suggested the girl.

"You have put the case neatly," agreed Chester. "I see that your keenness of perception is not dimmed—Lunch, my dear."

When Northrop came that night, he brought Edward the popular tale of Cock Robin. The boy was so delighted and excited, he could hardly be persuaded to go to bed, even after the story had been read to him by each member of the family, so that he had memorized most of it

"I can't say that, mudder," he told Lorna, pointing to the verse about the shroud, "so I'll say—

" 'Who'll make his blanket'?
" 'I,' said the beetle,
" 'With my thread and needle,'
" 'I'll make his blanket.'

"Why do dead people have blankets, mudder?"

And not satisfied with Lorna's answer, he called Nanny and put the question seriously to her, before going to sleep.

When Northrop heard of this, he blamed himself harshly for not having given more consideration to the selection of the book.

"I can't bear to think of that baby head battling with such unpleasant problems," he said. "I suppose he will never forget that; people are too careless about the sort of reading matter they give children. Please try to get the wretched rhyme away from the boy, and to-morrow when I come to the christening, I will bring something else."

"Do you feel equal to the responsibility, Mr. Northrop?" asked Fay, jokingly. "Heaven knows, I don't."

"Nor I," answered Northrop, seriously, and instead of looking at Fay, his eyes rested unconsciously on Lorna.

"Altogether," said Chester to his wife, as they were preparing to retire, "they did not seem to have made an indelible impression on each other, so far."

Lorna smiled a little at his boyishness. "Give them time," she said.

CHAPTER III.

"You really have three children, haven't you?" asked Fay, the following day.

"Chester?" Lorna said, smiling.

Fay nodded.

"Do you never get ruffled, and want to look at him without knowing the answer?"

"Are you referring particularly to his transparent behavior last night, regarding you and Mr. Northrop?"

Lorna's guest shrugged her shoulders.

"Not particularly—no; I was only using him as a type; one usually can read the answer before a man is through with the question, don't you think so?"

"I suppose so," assented Lorna. "When one is married, one gets used to it."

"Oh, the horror of those words," cried Fay, vehemently. "Getting used to things! The deadening of fine sensibilities, the falling off in the race, the deafening ourselves to the music of life—it's awful!"

Lorna sighed slightly. She had grown used to so many things.

"I understand perfectly; it is hard to keep a certain keenness alive. People so seldom grow to have the same interests after they marry, and yet—yet—"

"Yet, men and women daily delude themselves into the belief that they are congenial or will be, after the fatal words are spoken. How many cases do you know where the husband is a 'sport' and the wife domestic, or *vice versa*; where the wife is artistic and the husband a cut-and-dried materialist? How many husbands do you know who are insufferable in that role, but as lovers they would be ideal? Look at the lovers—how many of them can stagger fittingly under the domestic yoke? After something dies and they see each other without the glamour of pink lights, then they begin 'to get used to it' if they want even a counterfeit of happiness. That is what most marriages amount to!"

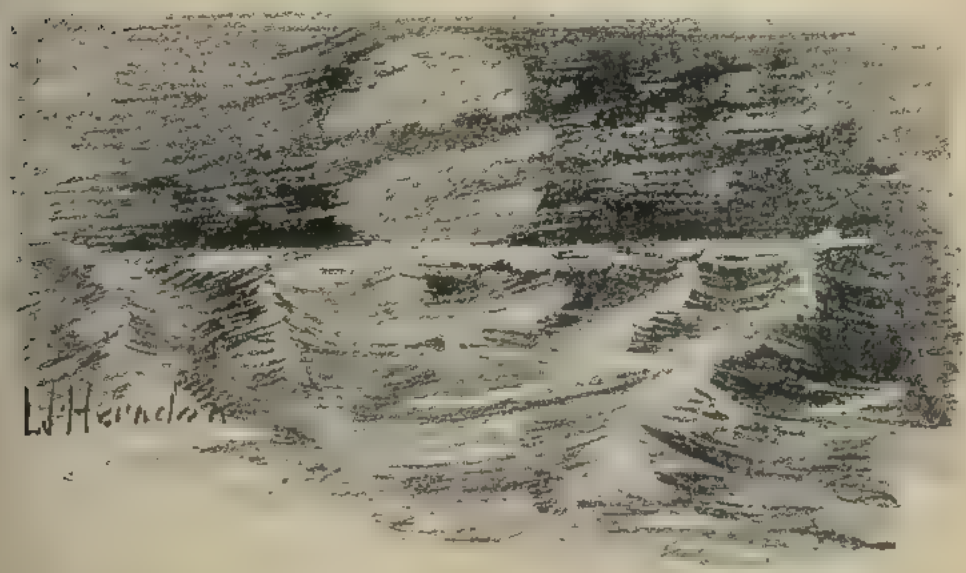
"Have you a remedy?" asked Chester Sayre's wife.

"Oh, *I* have," replied the girl, laughing a little, "but it takes two, you know, to put it into effect."

"Well?"

"Well—there simply isn't another one—so far."

To be continued



The DEVIL of FORD'S CROSSING.

BY ROB REED MENDENY.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. LONGHOUGH.

"HE'S a fine beast, Pierre," I cried enthusiastically as I peered in through a crevice in the great log trap at the big, tawny beast, where he crouched in a corner snarling and lashing himself with rage. The great, greenish-yellow eyes fairly darted fire at the sound of my voice and a world of hate and helpless rage flashed in the look. Involuntarily I shuddered and moved back a pace, and the heavy log walls shook under the impact as the creature flung himself against them with a baffled snarl. I looked across at my guide doubtfully.

By Gar, dat cat he one devil," grinned Pierre. "Safes' way Ole Pierre him shoot 'um. No trus' dat trap ver' long. Devil get loose 'um kill Ole Pierre, lak *dat*," he finished with an eloquent upward sweep of his crooked hand, and he shook his head gravely and darted an uneasy glance behind. The old rifle, I noticed, was carried at a very convenient angle.

"Good Lord no, Pierre," I cried, laughing at the old trapper's uneasiness. "Why man, that beast is worth six hundred in the open market if I ever get him there. Finest specimen I ever laid eyes on. No *siree!* You let that cougar alone and in the morning we'll slip out here with my cage and a sled and by night he'll be on his way to New York and you'll be a fifty richer in pocket than you are at this moment. Can't you see, old man, how simple it is? Don't let your superstitious fancies get the better of you now. Be sensible."

He stood eying the trap and then me doubtfully and I could see that the fear of the trapped cougar weighed pretty heavily against his longing for the price I offered. After a moment I added what I thought was a clincher.

"Fifty dollars, man, think of it. Why you couldn't get more than twenty for his hide."

"No get anything for Pierre's hide, Devil get 'um," put in the old man quickly, the doubt still heavy in his face.

I laughed in spite of myself at his quaint reasoning, and so pleading and arguing by turns we made our way over the crunching snow towards picturesque Fords's Crossing.

"Well—I don't know," muttered Pierre, as I left him at the turning; "dat cat 'um one devil, Missou'," and he strode away shaking his head. Still smiling to myself over his vagaries I made my way slowly toward the quaint little inn of the town.

My season at Ford's Crossing was almost over and it had been a good one. In a week or two the down trails would be closing, for the first snow lay all about a foot deep on the ground Already the little French Canadian village was settling down for the long, fierce Athabasca winter, and the roaring fireplace in the big living-room at the inn seemed inviting after our brisk walk in the frozen woods.

I flung myself into a chair and lit

my pipe complacently, congratulating myself on the season's luck. And here at the very end came the gem of the season's catch, the gigantic puma—Pierre's "Devil." Truly the fates had proved kind and in another day or two at most, now, I would be on my way to New York and a pleased employer. Ellison is never niggardly with his men, and in a month's time, barring accident, I would be lunching with a well filled purse and a starry-eyed girl at Murray's. And after that—perhaps Africa, Borneo maybe, or some other queer corner. I fell to wondering indifferently where it *would* be next.

My profession might strike many as a strange one. My business is wild animals—catching them that is—in the interests of Ellison of New York, the biggest animal dealer on this side. For fifteen years I've been at it, wandering up and down the waste places of this earth, talking to strange men and living in strange places. Odd experiences and hairbreadth escapes are almost a daily occurrence with me, but somehow I like it. The excitement of the life appeals to me as nothing else could, and it's a great deal to be satisfied.

* * * *

Sometime in the cheerless dawn I was awakened by a rude shaking and the terrified voice of the inn-keeper. "Missou! Missou'," he wailed. "In pity's name awake." And to my drowsy question—"It is Pierre. They have found him, Missou'—dead—stiff and dead he was. Nom de Dieu, that *Devil!* He is escape once more, an' now we shall know no peace. Saint Catherine, what shall we do?" The man was half crazed with his news.

I hurried out into the gray of the morning and found a little shuddering group of hunters and villagers gathered. Fear—dark superstitious fear—sat heavy on each face. The apparently charmed life and extraordinary cunning of the big cat had wrought its effect upon the simple minds of an ignorant, isolated people.

"Jes' lak dat he lay," expatiated Moheet—a half caste Indian—spreading his arms and dropping his head back limply. "Snow all tramp; blood all over; him, Ole Pierre, heap dead. Devil tear 'im mos' t' pieces. I go early look martin traps. Bym'by come on trail of Devil. Look alroun', follow trail. Den fin' Pierre. Devil gone. No see 'um. Moheet show the stranger," and turning slowly he eyed me queerly, a fleeting something of distrust and fear in his glance Then his eyes fell and left me puzzled.

With a shrug he turned away abruptly and led down the little street and out across the clearing into the dark, silent woods. No one spoke as we strode on, though I fancied half-angry, sullen eyes were on me all the way. I was responsible indirectly for the Devil's escape, Pierre's death, and whatever depredations the beast committed in future, and I understood the dark looks. The Devil was a sore point at the Crossing, and I felt keenly the loss of the big brute and the wasted life. My only vindication now lay in staying at the village until the beast could be tracked down and killed—which would benefit me not at all—and this, with winter coming on and the trails once closed, meant five months' stay here. Alas for my fond dreams of the afternoon before. It was a bitter disappointment after a long successful season and I swore softly as we stumbled on through the pines.

In a little clearing heavily trampled, lay Pierre—the body a huddled heap and the trodden snow stained with clotted blood from gaping wounds all over it. Truly this was the work of a devil. The head had been crushed by a terrific blow and half wrenched from the mangled body. The clothing was in threads, and the body so battered and torn the beast must have ripped and gnawed it in pure wantonness. And all about the figure in the snow showed the great four-toed track of the puma. The white expanse of snow which holds so many histories and mysteries of the forest folk told the story in details so minute one fairly saw the picture as we read.

Pierre was on his way to the trap. Who knows, perhaps his superstition had gotten the better of him after all and he was going to kill the animal.

He may have even whistled as he strode along. And then like a bolt from the blue, cutting short his straying thoughts, the cat alighted spread out in the trail before him. Too quick for the hastily raised rifle, too swift for the startled man's move, the first staggering blow of the great paw had sent his musket broken and ruined far out to one side, breaking the arm that held it like a pipe-stem and sending the man reeling to his knees a few paces away. And there crouching and drawing his knife Pierre waited for a long few moments—for the track was deep and packed—and beyond four paces away, crouched the lion with those yellow, blazing eyes fixed on him gloatingly—the slavering jaws hanging in a hideous, snarling grin. The marks in the snow told it plainly, and I shuddered as I thought of those hopeless, endless moments that bounded the finish of Pierre's life.

Yet defenceless but for the knife, arm broken and with one chance in a thousand, he had faced the brute unwavering, where he crouched a space away playing with his victim cat fashion. And then the game grew tiresome and in long cautious steps the lion stalked and reconnoitered his victim in a wide circle and crouched again. Native caution made him wary for he had never hunted such game before. But the end was near. Slowly the great back muscles stiffened; suddenly the gaunt, gray-yellow body launched itself into the air lightly, and with that characteristic lightning stroke of its paw in landing, had crushed his head and sprawled him dead and bleeding in the snow. Then the murderer retreated to a distance, and biting and clawing had torn the deeply buried knife from his shoulder. A little too high, Pierre, perhaps a little too slowly delivered. At any rate, freed from the stabbing pain, the Devil had returned, sniffed about the body, and then in a sudden outburst of insane rage and fiendishness had torn and mangled the dead hunter almost beyond recognition. Satisfied at last, limping slightly, but satiated of the blood madness, the animal had slunk off among the darkening shadows of the pines and the little tragedy in the moonlit clearing was finished. The signs told all.

The sight sickened me and as I followed apart the little group of silent men who bore him homeward -all too conscious of the distrust and blame which showed in their simple, straightforward manner—I gave up my plans for leaving and threw myself into feverish effort at atonement.

A three days' organized hunt began. Three days of constant tramping through the vast lone places on snowshoes, three days plunging forward, always forward, into the bitter, biting wind, sometimes alone, sometimes with a little party of hunters and townsfolk, yet ever following the great four-toed track in the shadow of the pines, up ravines, through hollows, and over hillocks and only the mocking howl of wolves at evening, or the startled eerie cry of the timber folk as we plunged on and on, and never a glimpse of the great tawny cat. Signs there were in plenty. Here a young lynx had fallen victim to our quarry's hunger. There he had doubled and lain watching us from some hidden copse as we trudged by. Farther on he lay a few moments to lick the wounded shoulder which constantly stiffened and gave trouble. Always in a great circle he travelled, too cunning to stop and fight, or even leave the great tract of forest he made his home, until at last on the third day, taxed beyond human endurance and utterly spent, we gathered and made our way silently homeward. And so ended our first concerted stand against the Devil and still he lurked at Ford's Crossing, continuing to levy on the live-stock and dogs about the little village, and scorning all manner of traps and poisoned bait, respectful of our rifles for he was seldom seen, but present always at the unexpected moment.

Winter closing in made the game scarce, the trails were closed and ice-blocked, and his favorite food, the deer, had taken to their yards way out beyond his range where it was impossible to stalk them, and gaunt and always hungry now the Devil haunted the dark edge of the forest at dusk, and fed

on young pigs and sheep from the settlement. Too cunning for all the wiles of the hunters, clever in an almost superhuman degree in his scent of ambushes and deadly loopholes which spat fire and the seed of pain at him out of the night, his cry might be heard longdrawn and plaintive like a lost child's at times, again intensified to a high, bloodcurdling scream, the hunger cry. We grew to fear and hate him with an uncanny fear as the months crept by, and many an uneasy glance went round at mention of his name. Moheet alone left the settlement now, and he not often, for the snows were cold and bitter.

One evening in February saw a new horror at the Crossing and set down another tally against the Devil's score. Pretty little Jeanne, the daughter of the innkeeper had gone to play in the afternoon with her dog in the clearing and was missing at the evening meal. We found the dog and sled in a heap at the edge of the woods, but the child was gone, and we cursed in impotency that night while the screams of the distracted mother and the dazed, far-away look of the crazed father tortured like a twisted knife in a wound.

The dark outside was shunned more than ever now and when twilight fell no soul stirred forth unarmed. And the Devil, glutted with human blood once more, stalked boldly forth at nightfall, and yet with a charmed life escaped our vigils and snapshots into the night. At the very last it was a woman who did what we could not do and outwitted the Devil of Ford's Crossing.

Pierre's woman, a breed girl of silent ways, had never spoken of him since his death, and though the Devil was almost the only topic of conversation these long, dark days she kept mute on the subject and even left a gathering at its mention. She shed no tears when they brought him home, but faced the trouble with the fortitude and stolidity of her mother's race; but on dark nights when a gaunt, lithe shadow flitted in and about the cottages of the village, a rifle sometimes barked spitefully from Pierre's cabin. That was all. The shadow came and went at intervals.

As the long winter drew to a reluctant close, and the warm, spring days thawed the snow and ice and filled the creeks' bed with an angry, snarling torrent, Jean Le Bault moved his family out again to their summer home a mile back in the woods, where he was clearing a spot in the forest and a tiny garden and truck patch kept him busy in the warmer months. Here his wife fell ill, and it was Pierre's woman who came almost daily with dainties from the Crossing and nursed the sick woman back to health.

Always she carried the basket of dainties and Pierre's rifle as she came and went in the balmy afternoons, and one day glancing up from the path as she came along her brown eyes caught and held the gaze of a big, yellow pair watching her fixedly from the summit of a great heap of boulders at one side of the ravine above her. One might guess the thoughts that flashed through her mind as she looked at her enemy and reckoned the lives he stood for, and for a long moment they confronted each other motionless,

PIERRE'S WOMAN STOOD MOTIONLESS

the Devil and the woman. In the next the sleek, yellow body launched itself outward and the rifle spat its message of triumph and revenge. The woman dashed her gun at the flying form as it wavered in the air and sped down the path like a wild thing and on to the village, but the Devil did not follow.

The little party made its way cautiously back along the path to the scene of the conflict. Disappointed we found the spot. The lion was gone, but there among the leaves and grasses we found the gun and close beside it, spattering all about, the big, thick clots of blood and the torn shrubbery and underbrush showed the frightful ravage done by the bullet. No beast could lose so much of the life fluid it seemed and live, yet the trail led broad and distinct away up the hill. The animal must have dragged itself away half dead, seeking a hiding-place in which to eke out its last few hours of agony alone. The forest instinct teaches the stricken wild things to creep away to die by inches, suffering horribly but safe from the common enemy—man. It is part of their strange code—this desire to suffer and die alone.

Across two miles of densest woodland we followed the trail, blood-stained and plainer at every step, and there at the summit of a little knoll we found him. The ball had entered his stomach tearing its way through flesh and spine, leaving the hindquarters limp and useless, but somehow he had struggled on. He knew there was no escape, no chance, no hope, yet he turned to meet us as we came up, the fierce, undying hatred flashing from his yellow eyes as I had seen him on that first afternoon. He straightened up painfully, but with something grim and stately in him and faced us bravely, snarling and unafraid. To me he was different from the other things I have hunted and I motioned down the raised rifles and looked at him curiously. In spite of his cruelty and cunning, the human lives he'd taken and all we hated him for, there was something magnificent in the way he faced us for his last stand there at the crest of the hill. The big head was thrown back and the woods and hills beyond re-echoed for the last time with the demoniacal death-cry, the final challenge of the king of the boundaries.

But brave as he was only death could atone in part for the lives he had taken and as the final notes came drifting back from beyond, and the great head sunk towards us again—the eyes still blazing—a rifle coughed beside me. For a moment the mighty beast stood perfectly still as though untouched, gazing at us, though a gaping hole in his throat showed a deep, rich red against the lighter fur of his under parts; then, wavering slightly, he sank to the ground coughing and gasping, the big muscles stiffened slowly and he lay still. The Devil was done.

At last someone spoke. It was Moheet, the Indian, who moved first. As he drew his knife and bent down he remarked gutturally but with a world of savage wisdom in the words, "Ugh, tak' woman beat Devil at las'. Eh."

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of the "Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE AMERICAN INVASION

WE have in the foregoing pages dealt with many different angles of the question of colonization, and have adverted to many of the most prominent theories regarding it. The subject is one rich in discussion, and what is of far more importance, rich in sober, almost in solemn thought. Only with reluctance does one leave the vast field of English belief and English comment, bearing upon the welfare of Great Britain as Great Britain, for view of yet another of the many angles which offer in the subject, as viewed by Canadian and "Yankee" eyes.

One point of view forces itself upon attention, and that not upon the ground of theory, but of actual fact. No study of the colonization of Canada can avoid consideration of the so-called American invasion, because this represents a factor which will have tremendous influence in the future of Canada and in the complication of Canada's problem. There are not lacking very many Canadians to-day who declare that the interests of Canada are more germane to those of the United States than those of England.

All life is a competition. What harder competition in the world can the assisted English immigrant find than this "Yankee" competition, already installed, established and fortified in that very region which England says is the natural inheritance of the English poor? The answer is, in one sense and from one limited viewpoint, foregone. It is the answer of disciplined troops in contest with raw, weak, starved and heartbroken militia. That is to say, such is the answer if we suppose western Canada a site of barbarism and not of civilization. As to that, we must remember that all things are relative, and that we must consider the give-and-take, the balance, the proportion, the level-finding of civilized life, where many men, many races mingle, the result being a composite made up of weak who have failed, weak who have grown stronger, strong who have grown weaker, and so on; the one thing sure being that good strength, innate or acquired, natural or attained, is what will win and what will prevail. Either in civilization or savagery, in England or in Canada, in city or on the far frontier, *always the weak learn from the strong*.

Fifteen years ago Winnipeg had but thirty thousand inhabitants, and there was no other town in western Canada worth more than the name of village. After the cheap railroad lands of western Canada came on the market, a steady influx of population ensued, so that in 1903 over one hundred and thirty thousand persons settled in western Canada. In 1905 one hundred and forty-six thousand came in. Since then the numbers have varied, but last year nearly sixty thousand "Yankees" crossed the border to settle in western Canada. In the year previous fifty thousand had come. For the first four years of the present century, the average of the American invasion was between twenty and fifty thousand annually.

For the last few years ill-assorted immigrants have been coming into the eastern cities of the United States at the rate of about a million a year. Although the greater proportion of

these remain in the cities, very large numbers naturally go to increase the demand for American farming land. The government of the United States has left practically no homestead or other cheap lands for its people. Meantime, and more especially in the last two years, a very considerable popular discontent has existed in the United States over the growth of American monopolies or trusts, as they are known. Seeing the prices of farming lands continually rising—they have doubled in value through the Middle West in the last ten years, good farming lands selling as high as $200 an acre in Illinois, $60 and $80 in Minnesota, $40 and $50 per acre in Dakota,—and at the same time seeing the American tax on living continually rising, a great many western farmers who wished additional land for their sons, saw their opportunity in the new cheap lands of Canada—such an opportunity as could never exist again anywhere in the United States. This was the actual reason for the American invasion of Canada. It is not too much to say that the western Canadian land advance was due to American discovery, American financing and American peopling in very large measure. The younger sons of the United States rushed out into the remaining new lands and laid hold of opportunity, even though it existed under a different flag.

Now it is to be remembered always that these young farmers left their early home deliberately, and not through any stress of poverty. They did not largely come from exhausted New England and the overcrowded East, but most largely from the choicest farming sections of the western United States. They came, not because they were too poor, *but because they were too rich* to stay at home,—because they had money with which to buy land and operate it. Not one of these needed any sort of help. Every one of them was a practical farmer, and so far from needing to learn anything about farming in western Canada, he came prepared to teach the Canadians many things which they did not know about wheat raising in precisely that sort of country. It was these men who did the proving of the Davidson theory, and it was they who succeeded where early English farming had failed, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

These men were the product of the environment of the American continent. If they had not been of American birth, at least they were of American education in actual farming. Such men would scoff at the suggestion of assistance, even of advice. Perhaps one of them would come up on a preliminary trip to select his ground. A second journey would find him with his family and household belongings at the railway station nearest to his land. The week following that arrival would see him on his land, with some sort of quarters erected, and the work of breaking the ground begun. Almost none of these men came with less than one thousand dollars of his *own* money —not the money of any charitable organization or of any government—and some Canadian officials were of the belief that an average of three thousand dollars for each such settler would have been below the truth.

Now, take these strong, hardy and perfectly educated young farmers—in one year 4,600 from Dakota, 6,000 from Minnesota, 1,500 from Illinois, all choice farming states of the West—set them down on the best selected lands of the Canadian West, each with means to make his own start, and self-reliance to do much more than make a start; and then compare the situation with that suggested in our earlier discussions of the handling of the assisted immigrant of England.

It does not take a second thought to see how and how much the American invasion comes into the question of Canadian colonization. The "Yankee" is not a threat, but a fact. He has come, and come to stay; and there are more of him coming, hundreds of thousands more. He is alike the most desired and the most dreaded immigrant who has come or can come to the Canadian West. With him comes the American standard of life, which is in direct conflict with the European standard. With the "Yankee" comes the higher standard of living, because he comes

from a country where men, women and children are not content with the food, the clothing, or the housing which was sufficient for their fathers. Moreover, this is a *progressive* standard. It is something which comes out of the soil and air and stimulus of the *American continent*. Now it is this standard, it is this situation which the assisted immigrant must face. It is success which despair must confront, even thus early in the swift history of western Canada, the newest of all the cultivable lands. But despair itself gains hope and strength from contact with success.

What answer has English thought found for this American invasion and all that it must mean in the future? So far as the author is able to discover, there has been small answer of any practical sort. Abundance of theorizing there has been, to be sure. One writer says: "Canada is in the presence of an ethnic problem such as no country ever faced before." That is very true, but what does it really mean in actual plan for actual deeds? We want some phrase sharper, more biting than "ethnic problem". This is a big business problem.

Another finds the old inefficient national or racial answer, and with loyalty to Great Britain declares: "While urging the unfairness of unloading dependents upon us, we should be very careful how we reject any of our own blood. We should keep in mind what Commander Booth answered to those who said that the emigration to the colonies of British men was race suicide. He asked, if the colonies should be filled up and dominated by men of other races, what sort of suicide that would be? We need all the British we can get to balance the strangers that are seeking our shores." Bring British, then; and if they be weak, let them gain hope and strength from contact with the strong!

Yet another, a somewhat alarmed if fully kindly gentleman, a minister of the gospel, one takes it, gravely recommends the encouragement of marriage in the Christian Endeavor and other societies of England, more especially among those assisted British subjects who form the mooted topic of discussion on both sides of the sea, as may be witnessed in our earlier pages! Encourage Christian marriage, then, and if its offspring prove weak, let it grow strong from contact with the strong!

The Psalmist of old described the human heart as deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Self-deceptive, we may call it sometimes to-day, and often desperately narrow. Yet of what value is a prejudiced point of view, a foregone conclusion, in an argument where the only valuable intent is to arrive at the *truth*? How does it serve England, Canada or the United States to indulge in self-deception or in preconceived conclusion in their respective points of view of this American invasion? Surely the truth itself is hard enough to read for the future. Thus a prominent journal of the United States admits that it can see no answer to the questions of this invasion; although it handles the matter in terms which seem fairly judicial and well balanced.

"A good many Americans have viewed with much alarm the movement of population from the northwestern states across the border into the western provinces of Canada. They have seen in it a weakening of national ties. They have seen in it a loss of splendid citizenship. The earnest, effective and aggressive rather than the weaklings are the ones who are pioneers. The marvelous history of American development is repeated, except that the migration is carrying the people into the domain of a foreign power.

"Sometimes the attitude of alarm is a Canadian one. A recent writer in an English magazine tells of immigrants who equal in number those from the United Kingdom and far excel them in individual strength and in collective alertness. He describes, also, the optimism of the Canadians, who believe that a new type of citizen is to be developed from the mixture of immigration, the substantial basis of a new Canadian nation long dreamed of but never yet realized. But he himself cannot see how the comparatively small Canadian population can withstand what he calls the 'torrential

inrush' of forces from across the line which threatens to swamp it.

"Americanization rather than Canadianization is everywhere apparent. This expresses itself in the press, in books, in barber shops, in bars, in hotels, in the clothes that are worn, and the language that is spoken. All are American. Eastern Canadian influence is waning or entirely gone. England is far away. The controlling power is that from the south. Even when the Canadian deputy minister of labor and the Premier of Saskatchewan tried to settle a coal mine strike, they were forced to make a 2,000 mile journey to Indiana to consult with John Mitchell.

"The writer mentioned believed that commerce and blood will be far more powerful in determining the future than a slender sentiment of British dominion. The advantage of commerce is with the United States. Let the tariff wall be torn down, and the western provinces will find all their interests on the other side of the barb wire fence, which often is the only thing to mark the passage from the United States into a foreign land.

"It is an interesting problem which is formulating in the Canadian West. The solution of the problem is not yet discovered, but the developments in that quarter of the world are well worth watching as the months go by."

As to this issue, Canada and the Canadian Government already are on record; and so far as the army of the "Yankee invasion" itself is concerned, few of its members would pause even to smile at correctives for the American invasion such as are suggested above. We shall, therefore, need to go further into the study of Canadian colonization, unless in despair we are here to abandon the whole future of the poor man of the Old World who has not had his chance. We shall need to go still further with the question: What can be done by way of helping the man who is not yet able to help himself?

Canada has no special privileges to offer Englishmen or any others, beyond the vastest privilege open to man, a fair field and no favor. The newcomer, whatever his nationality, must be ready to take his buffets and not whine. When the American pioneer moved westward, no one aided him. No one told him where to go or showed him how to farm, or explained anything to him of means or methods. He had to learn everything alone and for himself. The fight of the early American frontier was one waged hand to hand. A series of individual battles was fought on a picket line of white men, flung far in advance of civilization, with all bridges burned behind, and no roads running to any base of supplies. There were savages for the "Yankee" settler to fight in those days, and he fought them alone. There were no comforts or conveniences for him, and such intellectuality as he had was not second-hand. There were no railroads, no telegraphs, no influences or agencies of civilization to soften hardship. There was no government behind him. There was no money to come from home. Each man fought, and fought for himself.

That was the old way, the most splendid way of settling new lands the world ever saw. That old way, let not any of us, whether English, "Yankee" or Canadian, hesitate to admit, produced a splendid breed of self-reliant men,—men who if they made mistakes, at least have made large ones. But that was all in a day different from this, a day when strong men travelled of their own wish. The strong seek the frontiers even to-day, to find the frontier robbed of all its terrors. But what of the weak?

Here, now, I have my assisted immigrant, pale, anæmic, not strong, not skilled, a product of the city and of generations of the city. He comes to neighbor with a man who has three thousand dollars in his pocket as against a brass twopence of his own—a twopence which he is under bond to repay after, at a cost of two dollars a head, he has been located like some beast, obedient to another's will, on the land which has been selected *for* him, not which he has selected for *himself*.

To be continued

ANASTASIA

BY G. FRED CLARKE

Author of "The Old Violin."

ILLUSTRATED BY BRADLEY W. EVITS (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

PART I.

"WHAT mystery in yonder glowing coals, holding the senses in a state of semi-hypnosis, conjuring up old scenes, faces, manners of speech, maxims, precepts, all of the past; sweet old teachings, sad, gay, all of the immutable has-been.

See the flames, small pointed tongues of yellow light. Hear the crackling of the wood, see the shower of sparks; one log sags in the centre, parts, another shower of sparks, and the flames leap up, higher, higher, more

The quiet of night pervades out- A million stars gleam, winking blue A crescent moon swings Southern Cross and all is still; 'm alone,—save You, and memor- which, conjured from the past, to me of other days, sweet, like cent of some rare flower, or faint me clinging to boxed letters, love s, old roses.

s it a dream, suggestions of the ght, or do you sit there by my feet, into my eyes, your dainty chin ed on your hand, your lips parted one of your rare sweet smiles? Do ur eyes portray the old mystery of soul? Are you wistful, sad and ? Do I feel the soft texture air, and let my hand wander y along the soft roundness of r neck? Are you part of a dream, are you there, sleeping, sleeping, ar lashes caressing the ivory of your

"What is it, dear Anastasia? Speak. ars? Why, my love, not even the t of sorrows should come to you I am near. Do we not love? Is ove all? What more to make sweet life the poem we dreamed? Crying! The first time in many months. My wife, what is it? Has Mrs. Dobson a new Persian cat? Well, well, ou shall have one to-morrow, Anastasia. No! not a cat. Ridiculous! Yes, men are ridiculous, crude. What is it, dear? You shake your head. H'm, let me see. You didn't spoil a batch of bread, did you, or have a quarrel with the butcher; or—your brother, he is well, Anastasia? There, that was like yourself. No one ever laughed till you laughed. When you cease to laugh, music will have ceased. What! I flatter? Anastasia. Come, here on my knee, sweetheart. No? You shake your head and smile, and tuck your feet beneath you like a child, resting your elbows on my knees, your dainty hands clasped, your head on one side, so wise. There, now you're fixed. I kiss your lips, your eyes, your hair. Shall I read to you? No? What is bothering you? You shake your head. 'Nothing—nothing.' Ah you old fashioned girl. You touch your wedding ring. It makes me remember to-morrow, when we will have been married *five years*. How happy! Ah girl, girl, it seems but yesterday I met you by the cross roads, that we talked by the aged and scarred sundial. Dearest, the day ends well, I kiss you as fondly as five years ago. Ah, mysterious womanhood. What lies behind your eyes? A little sigh! I barely caught it, dear. You're tired; let Mary take more work on her shoulders, you look on and advise, sweetheart

"It was a lovely day, almost six years ago. The maples were turned to ruddy hue. The breath of autumn was heavy in the air. What a child I

was, and you, Anastasia. How delicious it is to remember when we first met. Were we meant for one another? Was I born for you, and you for me? What a sweet thought! Ah no, we must not delude ourselves, it happened so. Twas in the cycle of our lives, chance, God-like chance.

"I met you by the cross roads, a moment more and I had been too late. I was but a wayfarer. What luck that you should have punctured the tire of your bicycle, and that I should have had the requisites to mend it. You were so kind, so gracious. You looked at me with your true, blue eyes, and my heart fluttered—it flutters yet, Anastasia, I love you so. We parted, said good bye, lingered awhile, and again said adieu. You told me you lived a mile farther on, in an old, old house hedged round with trees; that an old sun-dial stood in the garden near by a fountain. And I went with you and stood by the gate and saw it all, and once more we parted. This time it was *au revoir*. Instead of going on to the next town I wheeled back to the village inn.

"You remember the moss-grown mill wheel by the stream, so rotten and aged, the pool below all flecked with foam, the banks so cool and soft where the golden-rod grew. How I sat with my hands clasped tight about my knees, gazing at you. Were you embarrassed, dear? Did you see my love, then, half afraid of what I might say, or do? And you laughed sweet and sudden and I turned away, half cross that you could be mirthful and I so sad. Was I not a foolish boy, Anastasia? Ah well, love is foolish anyway, looking at it now. There, there, sweet. I was only jesting, but I would almost say it again, to have your hand laid so against my lips.

"And I told you I must go away, and the tears stood in your eyes and I knew that you loved me. What children we were, suddenly grown old. We sat and talked till the shadows fell on the pool below, and the moss-grown wheel looked strange and sombre, and the first small star winked and blinked and warned us of the night. I carried you over the single plank that bridged the stream. You were light then, and you clung to my neck half afraid. No? Ah own up, just a little, sweet, just a little.

"How you trembled when we parted and you kissed and clung to me, your eyes like stars, brighter and dearer, and I rode home in a dream of love.

"See, I kiss you, dear. My love so great can never cease with years. Why shake your head? When you are old and grey, my Anastasia, shall I be lithe and free from peevish rheums? Another shake. Why then sweetheart, we'll not grow old, but meet the end our love still burning bright, and when they lay us side by side dear heart, another star'll be born.

"How sweet you looked that wedding day, five years ago. Have you forgot that whisper in my ear which led us childlike to the path across the field and by the mill? Mind you our kisses 'cross the bridge, when arm in arm we took the path and paused beside the stile, then hastened to the church? How odd the good folk looked, expectant, envious, laughing, glad; and we were wed. God bless the day.

"And vivid in my memory is that first night, when your bright head lay pillowed on my arm.—The moonlight slanting through the pane, and lighting your dear face as white as lilies pure.—The whistling frogs that piped so clear and sweet—Your eyes like stars. Have you forgot? Your eyes sought mine, and life was sweet and dear. All night we lay in dreams of love, till morning came, and sunlight sought the sweetness of your virgin breast—and we were glad.

"Tears on your lashes, love! There, they are kissed away. Was ever wife more sensitive to love? Should God take you from me, life were not perfect, dear. You nod your head and whisper of the child that is to be—of all your fears. Hush, weep not, sweetheart.

"A year gone by, Anastasia. You look so white and wan. You close your eyes in pain. Thank God, the doctor's here. 'Be kind, be kind, dear sir!' You reach me out your arms, you clasp my neck, and kiss my lips. 'Tis not good-bye, John dear."

"An hour I pace the dusty shed below, half heed the spider weaving its web, anon the dusty cobwebs hanging loose—the fly ensnared therein—the white winged moth. Wide-eyed and pale the nurse appears, and I am chill with fear. Those endless stairs! At last I kneel beside your bed. You lay your hand in mine. 'It's good-bye, dear John, this time.'

"A new-made grave. Oh God, can it be true? Do you lie there, so cold and still, and am I here? You said 'good-bye' not *au revoir* four years ago.

"And yet you sit there close by the firelight, your bright head pillowed on your arm; your curly locks caress your brow—the vision fading—fading. Do I still dream, are you not there, your lashes bending to your cheek—asleep?

"The last spark dies and firelight fancies fade, leaving to me my baby—Anastasia."

PART II.

"It seems but yesterday that I wrote the foregoing, and yet it is fifteen years—fifteen years of dreams And I sit here to-night before the open hearth. I have just removed the blower, and the flames like 'adders' tongues' are creeping into the shadows. I always love an open fire, perhaps because Anastasia—Ah me, tears still come to my eyes when I think thus. Over the mantel is her picture, but she lives best in the Anastasia of to-day, the sweet girl who but lately left me with a kiss and the hope that I would not be lonesome—all alone. Lonely? Not when you are so near me with your great eyes pleading me to watch over our daughter. Sweet, am I selfish? Should I expect her to stay here with me, and forget the little pleasures of the day? Did I do wrong in allowing her to go with Malcolm? Surely not! I sometimes forget that she is no longer a little girl,—a child in short skirts and braided hair. It seems only yesterday she played with her dolls, and begged pennies, and toddled to the grocer's at the corner. It was only last night that she tip-toed into my bedroom, and knelt by my bed and said, 'Dad, I'm a little girl for to-night, so I'll say my prayers like long ago,—God keep dear Mama very close so she won't be lonesome 'thout me and Daddy, and give Daddy many, many, blessings, because he's so good to me, and keep me in Thy care, pure and sweet for dear Christ's sake—Amen,' 'Good-night, Dad.' A soft mouth was pressed to my lips, there was the flash of a white night-gown and like a vision she was gone.

"Was it ten years ago that she entered my office hand in hand with

"THE LAST SPARK DIES AND FIRELIGHT FANCIES FADE"

a boy, his face spattered with blood and dust, his ragged clothes telling of poverty and want?

" 'He goes to the same school as me,' she began, 'and a boy was rude to me, and Bruce, his name is Bruce Malcolm, Dad, knocked him down. There was an awful fight, but Bruce was best man, so I brought him to you,

[illegible] She came [illegible] Lynn, [illegible] for 'He's [illegible] times from the [illegible] Lennox where Mary lived. He goes to school, and sells papers to pay his board. Give him some work in the office, Dad. Give him some work in the office.'

"And I looked at her stout champion with new interest, and noted his clear eyes, and intelligent forehead. From Lennox where you came from. 'All right, sweet,' said I. 'I'll give him a chance.' He has been with me ever since, and he's a good boy, a good man, twenty-five years old, I think, and he came from Lennox. He is tall, and straight, with brown eyes, dark hair and a pleasant face, and many girls think well of him; and my clients? Ah, well, sometimes they prefer his young advice to mine!

"What man is good enough for my Anastasia? He must be so noble, so much a man. The thoughts of losing her wring my very heart. I should be so lonely without her bright face to cheer the paths of life.

"There on the table is a vase of beautiful roses, the gift of Bruce. Roses are emblems of love, and love makes man a God—when it is true.

"A half hour has passed, I have been listening to the harplike music that comes from the chimney place. It is only the wind whispering. I have been trying to think. How utterly selfish I am to think so much of myself! It is her dear womanhood, her happiness that I should consider now. I know he loves her, and she? Ah who can mistake the lovelight in a woman's eyes,—she is a woman now.

"Must I give her into his care to make or to mar—my girl, my Anas- [illegible] Help me, dear mother, to think and act as I should. I'm so alone and you're so silent, and so far away—just now.

"How many suitors have asked me to give her away—halting with confused speech—egotistical, and over confident. The man who is old at the art; the youth with the first touch of love, and the man who has asked me before. Some coveting my money and her. One said that his love had atoned for his sins. One, loving as true men love. But she? She treated them all the same—as friends, save Bruce, when the woman in her was more sweet and pronounced; and I've noticed sad looks in her eyes at times—when he was away from town.

"From Lennox. God love the village. The boy was poor, he came to me dusty and ragged, with my daughter holding his hand—sold papers! Bless the lad. What difference in a lord or a plebeian, when love ennobles the soul? The boy who fought for a girl's fair name, beggar or prince, is a man, and ah yes, how truly selfish I am, Bruce will always stay with me. What say you, little wife?

"Hark, she is coming. I hear her laughter, so happy and free from guile, as she stamps the snow from her feet, and I hear his voice gentle and low, saying the stars are bright. There, they open the door, and the wintry air smells crisp and sweet."

Part III.

"They came and stood by my chair, her eyes like the stars without, her cheeks the color of roses—his roses there in the vase. And she came and the roses were cool as she laid her cheek against mine, and I caught for a moment the delicate perfume of her hair. Then she stepped back and laid her hand in his, and nodded her head so wise, and I knew she was mine no longer.

"His voice trembled the breath of a second, then steadied, and he asked me for Anastasia, and I—I said yes. And they came and knelt by my chair, her hand in his. 'God bless you, dear Dad,' said she.

"And after he went, she sat there [illegible] face, so much like yours. And her eyes were soft with the spell of love. And she laid her elbows on my knee and drawing my face to hers touched the wrinkles lovingly, 'And Dad,' she whispered, 'there is nothing greater than love.

THE WOMEN OF TORONTO

BY GRACE E. DENISON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

MRS. JEAN BLEWETT

TORONTO strikes the new comer who has been accustomed to strict conventions as a city altogether lacking in affectation, while on the contrary, the visitor from the boundless west is apt to exclaim against the ceremony and stiffness of the tone of society in the Queen City. Therefore we may assume that our people strike what is called the happy medium in their social intercourse and general enterprises. The women of Toronto follow this rule in most of their work and play. The rabid partizan and the *blase* beings are comparatively rare among them. We have no reckless rivalry or no very great and vindictive feuds; no very great ladies, or no strikingly small ones, but anyone who studies Toronto women from the vantage ground of long and intimate knowledge will be ready to agree that for good sense, prudence, ability and receptivity they stand far in the front among the cities of the Dominion.

There is a bigger compliment to Toronto women in the description of their town as "a city of homes," than they perhaps realize, and it is a compliment richly deserved. Toronto women are very domestic, it seems to be in the air! No matter how high strung, coquettish and generally wilful a girl may be in her own home city, when she settles down in Toronto, it's a very rare exception who does not succumb to the influence of a great example and take up life's duties heartily.

The beginnings of Toronto are not yet sufficiently lost in antiquity for the third or fourth generation of her women to have lost touch with old country tradition, and while some casual observers, seeing the gay good cheer and evident *joie de vivre* of her happy social gatherings say she is becoming "very American," those knowing deeper her real home life, the life directed, toned and nourished by her women, don't hesitate to say that Toronto is the most like an English town of all the growing cities of the Dominion. There are here and there some of the old families, leavening the loaf, living in old time customs, in quaint old homes, teaching their girls duty and principle and dignity as young gentlewomen were taught in grandmother's time, and so training and subduing the effervescence of young Canada while keeping it sweet and pure.

Toronto women are given to enquiring with some elaboration as to "who's

MRS. J. M. GIBSON
Wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario

LADY FALCONBRIDGE

who," when confronted by strangers, not in any spirit of criticism, but as a habit of the conservative mind. For they are conservative; they discourage the aggressive, the noisy, the quarrelsome, the dame who exploits herself or her fads. There is a strong flavor of canny Scotland in many of them, and a healthy dose of self-respect seems their usual tonic.

Rarely in so large a social community is there seen so little of the vulgarity of competition, so faint a touch of the malice and bitterness following a futile rivalry. Each woman seems to possess enough independence not to fall into procession behind any acknowledged leader, or perhaps no one has the craze to lead, which pleasantly settles many hard questions.

Having energy to spare, the Toronto woman often turns to sport for an outlet. We have many excellent golfers, riders and skaters in our midst. Mothers and daughters golf side by side; fathers and daughters canter through the suburban roads; sisters sail dinghys or paddle canoes on bay and island lagoons, and the fair motorists are adding expert lady chauffeurs to their ranks every season. Toronto women as a rule love horses, as anyone can observe at the race meetings of spring and autumn, and the sagest judgment of what a horse will do, is as often correctly foretold by a woman as a man

The first lady in the Province of Ontario lives at Government House, and at present she is Mrs. J. M. Gibson, who was born Malloch, of Hamilton, and is now spending her first season in Toronto. Government House has done no entertaining on account of mourning during the past season, and Mrs. Gibson is still a practical stranger to all but her friends of former years, who love and admire her sincerely. She has two bright and charming daughters who have made many friends.

In the arts Toronto has some fine exponents among the gentler sex. Two of the best known of the singers are Mrs. Le Grand Reed, soprano, and Mrs. Mackelcan, contralto. A fine 'cellist is Mrs. Franklin Dawson, and two artists among many are Mrs. J. A. Reid and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, whose studio homes are simply fascinating.

The largest organization in Canada in which women are interested is the

LADY EDGAR

National Council of Women, the president of which is Lady Edgar, widow of the late Sir James Edgar, a member of one of the old Toronto families, that of Ridout, and who now makes her home here.

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Secretary to the National Council is also a Torontonian.

Mrs. Nordheimer, Grand Regent to the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, is of another very old and aristocratic Toronto family, that of Boulton, and is a social leader in the Queen City.

The Toronto women who share in the favor of royalty expressed by the conferring of orders and knighthood upon their husbands are as fine a body of representative women as could be found. Lady Clark, wife of Sir Mortimer Clark, ex-Lieutenant-Governor, is of the Scottish contingent, as is Lady Thompson, widow of the late premier; Lady Moss and Lady Falconbridge with the whole-souled Irish temperament of their distinguished father, Chief Justice Sullivan; Lady Mulock, kindest of friends; Lady Meredith, an erect, youthful-looking grandmother; Lady Boyd, a quiet and retiring woman, devoted to home and family, like all the aforesaid ladies, and Lady Pellatt, the youngest of the group, all carry their honors with dignity.

MRS. J. KERR OSBORNE

LADY PELLATT

Perhaps in nothing is the spirit of the Toronto women more forcibly expressed than in the Ladies' Club, which, while the essence of comfort and even elegance, with a dainty luncheon and tea service, forbids an afternoon game of cards, or the most innocent of liqueurs or the thinnest of table beer on the premises. There has been a divergence of sentiment regarding the restrictions touching cards, but when brought to the vote the restrictionists had a very convincing majority.

Touching the prominence of Toronto women in professions, there is at least one well esteemed lawyer, several excellent physicians, dentists, and scores of good qualified nurses, one of whom has been for many years at the head of the sisterhood, as lady superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital. Miss Snively is known and esteemed by the profession, both in and out of Toronto

There are a few well-known writers, Mrs. Harrison (Seranus), Mrs. Charles Sheard, Mrs. Jean Blewett, and several clever journalists, who do good work in and out of Toronto.

There is a Woman's Art Association, of which Mrs. Dignam is president, with a large membership, and which has a picturesque and interesting gallery,

where women's work is always on view, the native industries being especially boomed.

Mrs. James L. Hughes is a Toronto woman whose wise and well considered words are heard and adopted wherever child-education is earnestly taken up in modern style.

The Woman's Musical Club, of which Mrs George Dickson is president, is an organization which recognizes and encourages Toronto musicians and composers, only a few weeks ago having given a long programme representing local talent only.

Socially, Toronto women are the soul of generosity and good comradeship, and there is less snobbishness and less worship of the golden calf than in cities lacking the experience, tone and tradition which Toronto has gathered in seventy-five years.

Toronto being a military station, there is a small coterie which might be called the "Military Set," had it not happened that all of the younger officers who have passed the last five years in Toronto have married Toronto girls and have become more or less identified with the sets to which their wives belong. This epidemic of marriage swept all before it, and young bachelors looked on in mute envy while three or four of their most popular and attractive girl friends went "on the strength". The former beauty of the younger set, Mrs. James Elmsley,

MRS MABEE

MRS GERHARD HEINTZMAN

MISS MARY AGNES SNIVELY
Lady Superintendent Toronto General Hospital

nee Boulton, is now the belle among the young matrons of the military set, who are headed by Mrs. Victor Williams, the Colonel's wife at Stanley Barracks, a daughter of Honorable Hugh Sutherland.

Many Toronto women have the blood of heroes, martyrs and conquerors in their veins, and it shows in that certain worth, dignity and simple courtesy which is oftener born than acquired. And last, let us acknowledge that among our women, beside the home-makers, the music and picture-makers, the merry-makers, the workers and the thinkers above mentioned, a little group of vote-hunters has also been gathered together.

The voice of the suffragette has been heard in the land, and it has not always been imported from England. There are many women in the Queen City who think they ought to be allowed to vote, and there are a militant few who say so whenever they get a favorable chance.

Toronto has a more than fair share of beautiful girls and women, as anyone at all conversant with the city knows. The young people's dances, which are yearly more and more a feature of the social season, show a wealth of radiant good looks quite enchanting.

There is a large French contingent, of which Madame la Comtesse Rochereau de la Sabliere, wife of the consul for France, is the head. Madame Rochereau is a bright,

clever little lady, with a beautiful family of children, and is emphatically a home-maker.

Of the German contingent, perhaps Mrs Gerhard Heintzman, of "Tannenheim", might be named as the head, by reason of her generous interest in all its affairs, both of church and social character. She and her three daughters are very fine citizens of the capital of Ontario.

There are any number of sweetly pretty old ladies. One whom everyone admires for a certain old world grace and gentleness is Mrs. Mabee, the mother of the chairman of the railway commission of the Dominion.

Among the young matrons, one who is generally accorded the palm for beauty is Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, of Clover Hill, and another is Mrs. George Evans. The first of these lovely women was brought a bride from Brantford, and the second from Cobourg, not so very many years ago.

Another very elegant and beautiful woman is Mrs. R. J. Christie, a native of Toronto, who has been greatly admired, both at home and abroad.

Many of the young matrons and their unmarried sisters are keen sportswomen, and love to follow the hounds, drive their own singles or pairs in the horse show ring, or ride long distances along country roads. Among the well-known horsewomen are Miss Louie Janes, Mrs Douglas Young, Miss Muriel Barwick, Miss Haney, Miss Long, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs Arnoldi, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. J. J. Dixon; and although the motor car will never quite relegate the horse to the background, there are numbers of clever lady motorists now in Toronto, who prefer their car to the finest mount ever saddled. Miss Cawthra, of "Yeadon Hall," drives her own car; so does Mrs. Fritz Fox, while Miss Florence Sheridan and Mrs. Andrew Darling have long been expert motorists.

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON

MRS CAWTHRA MULOCK

MRS. WILLOUGHBY CUMMINGS
Secretary National Council of Women

The different country clubs each have their lady members, and many a happy day they spend, east or west of the city, chasing the giddy golf ball or loafing on the verandahs enjoying the view after a cozy luncheon or before an equally tempting dinner. The other non-winter sports of sailing, canoeing, tennis (of which Miss Lois Moyes is Canadian champion) and swimming have each their coterie of devotees, and perhaps the most daring of the canoeists is Miss Norma Armstrong, whose family are islanders from the first possible hours of spring to the last permissible day of autumn

When Toronto women go into business or professions, they seem to achieve almost universal success. Many of them have lately taken to managing tea and luncheon rooms, and have swarms of patrons and a cheerful bank balance. One young woman, seeing an opening in a hitherto

MRS. FRANK MACKELCAN

neglected field, talked her brothers into taking up the business she believed in, and by her wisdom, farsightedness and hard work, built up a trade and a competency in less than six years. She is often playfully called "the boss," and no one disregards her orders!

This cheerful comradeship with influence over her men folk, makes the Toronto woman the power she is as a home builder. She appears to me the admirable model for imitation which should cheer and strengthen the doubter of the possibility of success in business for the woman of to-day.

I was told the other day that a certain physician wanted a nurse for a very trying and critical case and found three at his disposal.

'Do you know where these nurses belong, where their homes are?" he telephoned.

"Yes; one comes from New York, one from Detroit and one from Toronto," said the matron.

"Well, I prefer the one from Toronto," was the immediate response.

In conclusion, one might mention the noble work done in and for the church by Toronto women. The various ladies' aids and women's auxiliaries are untiring and devoted in their efforts, and now and then come generously forward on behalf of some good enterprise. The Victorian Order of Nurses, in their grand and useful help to the

MRS. LE GRAND REED

MRS. FRANKLIN DAWSON

poor and suffering; the Methodist and Anglican orders of deaconesses; the unselfish and devoted members of Roman or Anglican sisterhoods, all these Toronto women have their meed of blessings and of praise. If some of their sisters are frivolous, brainless, selfish and extravagant, let us imagine how dull the world would be, if everyone were perfect, and be blind in our judgment.

The university set, too, does much to raise the standard of Toronto women. The professors' wives are all women of strength, dignity and culture, with a broad, sane outlook upon life, an outlook which is imparted to the women undergraduates by the force of example, and which creates in them an interest in the best side of college life

LOIS WILKIE MOYES
Canadian Tennis Champion

COMTESSE ROCHEREAU DE LA SABLIERE

Mrs. Falconer, wife of the president of the University; Mrs. Maurice Hutton, wife of the principal of University College; Mrs. Ramsay Wright, wife of the dean of the Medical Faculty; Mrs. Wallace, one of the younger women, who is keenly interested in settlement problems; Miss Salter, dean of the women students; Miss Addison, dean of Annesley Hall; Mrs. Burwash, wife of the chancellor of Victoria College; Miss Cartwright, dean of St. Hilda's College—these are a few of the many interesting women who make up the University set, who, in spite of the numerous social duties incumbent upon uni-

MRS. MCCULLOUGH KNOWLES

versity life, give their encouragement to many clubs and institutions helpful to women who desire culture.

Life is rarely a hurrah and a "hoop-la" to the Toronto woman—rather a conversation, serious or gay, with sparkles of wit and touches of feeling, a thing which, in the last summing up will not lack dignity and worth. She doesn't thrive on excitement, nor is her native air intoxicating; she is just the wholesome, clean-minded, level-headed daughter of Canada whose sweet nature and tender heart broods over our city of homes!

A DREAM

BY FRANCES PECK SAVAGE

I DREAMED a dream in my heart of hearts,
Of a life of love with never a tear.
I dreamed of a world that was set apart
For the love-starved souls that wander here.

I dreamed of a land of pure white flowers,
A land where laughter and song were rife,
Where every breeze was the breath from some heart,
Perfumed with happiness, love and life.

I dreamed that we wandered through cycles of years,
Each seeing a heaven in the other's eyes,
Where every sound was a promise new
Of untold worlds and paradise.

And then I awoke and the world was dark,
There were sounds of weeping and sounds of woe,
I knew while I slept I had lived a life,
A life I never again would know.

But this life for me shall hold no tears,
Though the wondrously beautiful thing but seemed,
For I've tasted of love and joy complete,
Though I know in my heart of hearts I have dreamed.

IN EUROPE WE GO HUNTING WITH NORFOLK COATS, NECKTIE, HAT AND GLOVES, CLIQUOT OR POMMERY, AND HALF A DOZEN RIFLES OR FISH LINES.

THE LETTERS OF LOUIS

Being the authentic and literal chronicles of Louis Kon, former Russian revolutionist, and latterly a man of his own hands in Canada.

BY LOUIS KON

Fourth Letter

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

HIGHLY RESPECTFUL EDITOR:—So here I was artistically engaged in Revelstoke. The object of my skilfull painting was a pretty large steam boat, tighed up for winter in a lovely situated place on the Columbia River.

The duties of a painter were connected with those of a watchman, and wishing to fulfill the both of my duties most satisfactory, as a watchman I kept my eye very close on the painter, do not waste any oil, varnish and colors.

Ars longa, vita brevis, said the Romans, and I suppose, that with just the same success I could be a watchmaker, surgeon or a butcher as I was a painter.

Living in different places in western Canada among lumber-jacks, miners and other kinds of people, my observations taught me, that it is very easy and simple to get black color from mixing yellow and white

You don't believe it, you never heard about it? Try. Take the yellow Scotch or Rye whiskey and mix with white gin, drink about couple of glasses more as your constitution can stand, and the next day you will see someone of your family or friends with a very black eye.

It is much harder proposition with mixing oil paints. Absolutely against my wishes I introduced into house-painting "secession" and I'm affraid, that the passengers who for years really enjoyed the quiet and lovely trip along the beautifull Columbia river are sea sick, looking at my painting. However I consolate myself, that at least one person will recognize my skill and taste in painting and it is the Chinaman cook on this steamer, for the whole kitchen, including floor, siligne, cup-

boards, tables and even the water tank I painted in such a nice sky-blue, that he will doubtless feel himself as in the Celestial Kingdom.

In my young years this part of the house, where were situated kitchen and servants rooms, was the most forbidden place for me, because according to the §126 and §438 of "bon ton" the hired people were not the proper society.

Should somebody of my people or tutors find me sometimes in the kitchen I was threatened to have puted apron around my waist, peele potatoes and wash grissy dishes, and be never more allowed to enter my rooms.

Now the conditions did slightly change; I had to prepaire my meals myself.

May be the stomach of an ostrich would be able to digest the dishes I made, but at any case no human being. My pancakes remembered very plainly the elascity of rubber shoes, and with every success could replace the chair cushions in any office. The biscuits would be the most proper stuff for paving streets in Winnipeg even, and no better soles you could fancy for your shoes, as I had from my beef-stakes. Nevertheless I never starved to death, I never was even hungry. There are not many and it does not happen often, that one starves in Canada. This privilege is left over to Europe.

It is a very well known fact, that everybody is fitted for a certain kind of work (except born idlers), according to the kind of life he was brought up, physicall and mental development, education and so far, and one can performe some work successfully and with pleasure. But the same person puted on work which does not interest him, which is not correspondent for him, nevertheless he does it only for his livelihood, will get pretty soon tired of it, or will make of him an automat, killing every individuality and satisfaction.

Would it not be for different shades and colours I had to use in my painting, which kept me yet on my job, I would probably pour out all the paints in the swift currents of Columbia, would swallow all paint brushes and as maximum desperation I would go down to East Aurora to join the "Immortales."

It was a beautiful afternoon early in the spring. Snow on the mountains and river banks melted rapidly filling the river with thousands of swift streams. Shrubs and grass began to receive the calm green color, birds flying from bush to bush and jumping from one branch to another did chirp and sing, expressing their gratitude to the nature for the beginning of warm and longer days.

The sun was setting, and from the sharp angle between two mountains, opposite the place I was painting, in a far distance was visible a large golden ball on the purple background. The Italians say: "first to see Naples, then to die," but I would change it for first to see Naples, then the sunset in Canadian rockies. I have seen this day—and then forgett all together that one has to die.

It was a picture, which would make to admire the beautie of nature even the worst kind of a cynic and you can easily fancy that a painter so attached and fond on his work as I was, forgett all about his trade, his paint brush in the hand and the paint pot before him, and loosening the rains of his fantasy, dreamt about his past, future and probably about the bewitched king's daughter, wandering across the seas and lands, looking for a certain painter in overalls and clay pipe in his mouth, painting the steamboats' deck on the Columbia river.

She was only about four (may be it was five) feet distant and was approaching with stretched out arms toward me. I clearly heard her deep sigh of relief (so glad she was to find me.) At once she quickly stopped, as it would be at something terrible before her or some danger behind me—I wanted cry, "do not go away," but at the same moment some one said: "I do not mind to see you painting your toe cap for five or even ten minutes, but one has to be a silly fool to paint his black shoe with a yellow paint for a half an hour as I watch you to do it." It was not the King who came to see his future son-in-law—it was my "boss."

The Spartan system of education does not exist any more, but instead, every young man living in any larger city on European continent should be sent down to western Canada for few years to learn life experience.

I do not suppose that one who is living in regular conditions in the old countries, would be able to gain the experience in fifty years, I got here in two.

What is the use of it, one may ask? The answer is as simple, as are great the results: 1—Physicall development. 2—Close touch with nature, the greatest and beautiest thing in the world, which positively forces one to be better, calmer, purer and more human. 3—Normal and natural life. 4—Learning of the "help-yourself" system so theoretically admired by Europeans, but so seldom adepted in practice; and 5—Unlimited chances for everybody to make his life independent and to a certain degree comfortable.

Comparing the life on the European continent with this in Canada from any point of view, the difference is immense.

For instance, I will take sports. Certainly every fashionable European is a sportsman and as soon any new kind of sport is invented in Britain or America (be it even divorce-sport as it was yet very short time ago in North Dakota), he follows it, but.....

Here in Canada, if you are fond on hunting, you take a rifle or gun,

EVERY TOURIST WRITES AN ARTICLE ABOUT CANADA

probably snow shoes or rubber boots, supplies for the time you intends to stay away, and you come back home with the trophies of your shooting during few days.

Down in Europe, we doubtless must have Norfolk coat and laggans, correspondent to the pants and coat, necktie, hat or cap, gloves, sufficient number of Cliquot or Pommery, and half a dozen of shot guns and rifles or fish lines. Any time a larger party is leaving the town for hunting or fishing you cannot buy in any meat-market in the town a pound of fish or a piece of wild bird, nor a jack-rabbit—everything bought by the hunters, who return home with spoiled stomachs and bought in the meat-markets "achievements of their skill in shooting."

Riding on the horse back is very popular also, especially Sundays, when scores of young store, bank and office clerks are seen on every step in full riding uniforms, but the largest percentage of them asked: "where are you going?" has only one reply: "ask the horse, I do not know where he is going to take me, nor when he will be kind enough to stop."

It happens very often to see in any European city a young man crossing the street in white pants and shoes, neglige shirt and a tennis racket in nicely gloved hand. He is hurrying to the lawn tennis grounds, where his ladies partners are waiting for him—tennis is the name, flirt is the game. The same with nearly every other sport. Outdoors sports are very appreciated, for every sport requires some kind of very nice and picturesque dress, and every friend of a sportsman possesses collection of his photographs in tennis, football, cricket, hunting, fishing and dozen of other sports suits.

Here the sports have quite a different object and give different results.

An average European is effeminated, which word does not exist in this country in the sense I mean, for here even a girl of sixteen can far better face a hard-life proposition and is more fitted for every day struggles in our present life conditions as an average full grown man in the European cities. Could Europe have at present such conditions as they are in Canada now, we would not have youths who are old before they are full grown. We would not have such crowds of criminals and beggars. We would not have so many men who have "the desire to finger the infinity" (as the most immortal of all immortals in East Aurora use so often to say) instead of learning the A B C of the normal life and so not be nuisance for humanity.

It would be impardonable exaggeration to say, that Canada is an perfect ideal from every point of view. There exist doubtless many very important questions, which should be changed or introduced and quite a few of them as soon as possible, but it is a fact, that Canada in general is the most economically advanced and sound, politicall free, and geologically rich country, in the world.

It we take in consideration how young (the western part especially), how yet scarce populated and how many different nations and classes constitute her population, we have to admit, that advancing gradually with the same speed as it exists now, they won't be many years over, when everybody will say: Ecce Canada!

Great many European adventurers of the class I am describing here, come down to Canada with the plan to settle down, but have not the courage to go through the hard but wholesome and profitable experience, every one has to put, to be sure of success of his career and to receive the degree of B. C. L. E. (Bachelor of Canadian Life Experience)

They usually stay for a short time in cities, and being convinced that they can gain gold and satisfaction by hard work and steadiness, but not even French wheat or wilde oats for idleness and dreamings only, they usually try to get some of the big cities in the States, where it is more chances to make the life "easy" and not seldom beautify with their names the lists of criminals.

They talk different stories about the country, notwithstanding their knowledge of it is equal to letters of a tourist printed then and again in different newspapers. Such a tourist usually buys a first class ticket in Montrea[l]

THERE ARE TWO REAL ESTATE AGENTS ON EVERY MAN POSSESSING SEVEN DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS ! TO MAKE THE FIRST PAYMENT ON A LOT

or Halifax and after six days safely reaches Vancouver, to start next morning or evening for Japan. His studies of the country made through the window of a passenger coach and by looking over the postcards and views sold in the train by the news-agent, are sufficient to write an article about "Canada from ethnological, geographical, economical, social, religious, sport and artistical point of view."

I came personally across such creatures and all informations I could get out of him was the following:

"Every Canadian has in his wardrobe at least one blue serge suit and a pair of patent leather shoes. In Manitoba on every schoolhouse are Union Jack flags, but not everybody is taught to reade and write. The Premier of Manitoba, Roblin, is a very broad man, for he wares collars size 22 and is weighing 289 lbs. (before elections campaign, after only 225). A druggist in Canada does sell in his shop tailor made suits and ice cream, and bookstores use to keep patent medicines and Merry Widow handkerchieves, (those are the best sellers on the western book markets.)"

Very surprised I asked if it is all he knows about Canada, and he said: "Why, no. I can give you a lot of informations about this country. They call every foreigner John and do eat too much meat. They have nearly in every hotel a very nice dining room in which you can see very tasteful furniture, and very often on the sideboards nice silver jardiniers and cups or odd pieces of nice china, but do not look at walls, for you mostly will strike framed pictures, which you would steale and tore to pieces. They have mounted

police and two real estate agents on every man possessing 7 dollars 50 cents, to pay the first payment and costs of agreement for purchasing a lot. I could tell you much more about Canada, but I hate this country, they wish everybody to work and look for himself."

The most interesting part of my experience in Canada I have to postpone for some time and first learn correct the English, for this part is not a material to make the reader laugh of bad language and style or cry of inexperience of some people in every days' life.

I mean the psychology, ethics habits and life of lumber-jacks, miners and men working on the railroad grading. The modern scholar of psychology cannot fancy any better and more interesting types for his studies as are among this part of Canadian citizens. It could be volumes printed about those men.

I hope that the respectable editor of CANADA-WEST will print this my "plain talk in bad English" as soon as possible, for we are progressing so quick in Canada, that in short time may be passed a by-law verbidding to write for magazines to everybody who has 25 cents to buy paper, ink and pen, then only those will be entitled to contribute articles who are fitted for it. Anyhow this one will be the best sample as "who should not write neither long, nor short stories."

Yours for Canada,

LOUIS KON.

LITTLE CHILDREN

BY W. D. EATON

THEY come from the place where the bright dreams are
And the sight is always clear.
Where the music is, and the real things
That we cannot see, nor hear.

They see the things that we cannot see—
The beings of sky and air,
And they talk with the creatures of elements,
That we do not know are there.

And they go in their sleep to the elvin-land
Where the night-fays dance in the tiny wood
To the gossamer tunes of a midgy-band
By the light of a magic moon.

Dear little savages, primal all
They do not know and they do not care
For the blistering road and the deafening call
Of the life they have entered, unaware.

LIFTING STEAMERS IN MIDAIR

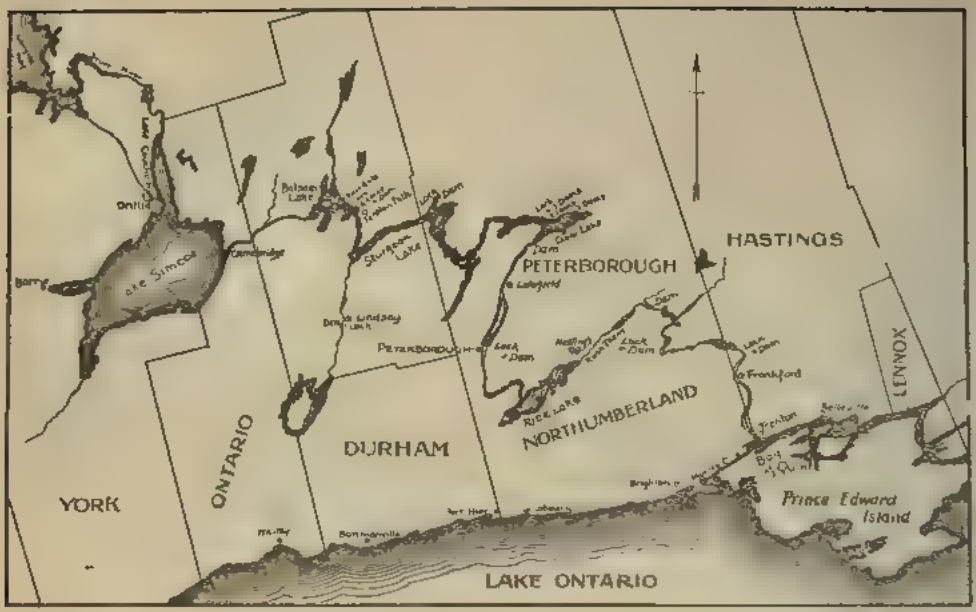
BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

UPON what is known as the back lake system of canals, near Peterborough, Ontario, there is one of the most notable locks in the world. It is a unit in the Trent Canal, a series of water stretches lying northeast of Toronto and directly north of Lake Ontario, with which they connect. These natural waterways, which do not form a connecting system of navigation, are efficient at the present time for local use only, but nevertheless, serve a considerable territority not connected by railway with the outside world. If completed, the Trent Canal would form a continuous line of navigation between Lake Ontario and Georgian Bay, near Midland.

THE LOCK AT WORK

The total lockage upon this route would exceed 850 feet, which is 500 more than the difference in level between these bodies of water. Because of the high summit level at Lake Balsam, and the shallowness of the connecting streams, necessitating the construction of many dams and locks, the work has been under way for nearly a century. In 1820 the Imperial Government undertook its construction, and several stretches of 25 to 30 miles in length, were opened up to navigation, but for small vessels only. Not until 1880 was the project revived and continued for about four years. In 1894 the present scale of navigation was begun, and the permanent improvements have proceeded rather desultorily ever since. Nearly $6,000,000 has been expended on the system of waterways to the present time.



THE CHAIN OF WATERWAYS OF WHICH THE PETERBOROUGH LOCK IS A UNIT

The principal feature of the works, and which is considered by engineers a radical departure in well-established practice, is the canal lock at Peterborough. The lock, however, is of dimensions sufficient to accommodate a flotilla of nearly fifty canoes of the size in general use, at one lockage. Its capacity is 1300 tons, which passes a barge of 800 tonnage loaded down to a draught of ten feet. This lock, with one other at Kirkfield between Lake Balsam and Lake Simcoe, is of the hydraulic type. They are the only ones of the kind on the continent, and are the largest in the world. The dimensions, conforming to the scale of the Trent navigation, are: 134 feet in length, 33 feet in width, with about twelve feet of water on the sills; and the entire work cost $500,000.

The lift lock consists of two balanced chambers or tanks of steel rising and falling vertically between three masonry guide-towers, 100 feet high. The total lift is 65 feet, which represents the difference in level between the lower and upper stretches of the canal, at that point. The escarpment, which is abrupt, and an uncertain water level in the upper section, due to a deficient supply, led to the adoption of the hydraulic lift, which has proved highly efficient.

The two chambers are of truss steel construction and watertight walls and floor, and are provided with close-fitting gates of steel at each end. One chamber is at either the top or bottom of the lift when the other is in the opposite position. They are so balanced that when filled to the level of the water in the canal, the introduction of a comparatively small amount of water in the upper tank suffices to overcome the equilibrium, and the chamber at the bottom rises slowly, while the one formerly at the upper level sinks to the lower position. The operation is almost automatic, the action of the chambers is positive, and entails but little expense for maintenance.

The locking of a steamer is a most novel and interesting sight. The canal gates and the abutting chamber gates being opened, the vessel enters the chamber very slowly and cautiously. The equilibrium of the chambers is not disturbed by this operation, as the well-known law of floating bodies governs, whereby, as the vessel ad-

vances into the chamber, an equal weight of water is forced out back into the canal, so that the gravity force remains uniform. When entirely within the chamber the actual weight is the same as before, the vessel's weight of water having been displaced. The two sets of gates are then closed and secured, and likewise those of the lower chamber. A little additional water is then pumped in the upper chamber, the balance between the two is lost, and the heavier one starts downward ever so slowly. In three minutes it has settled to the lower level, the gates at the bow end are opened, the waters merge, and the steamer passes out, only twelve minutes within the lock.

In passing from the lower to the higher level, the operation is simply reversed.

The waterway, of which this remarkable lock is a distinguishing unit, is a chain extending from the Bay of Quinte, up the Trent River and through a succession of small lakes and connecting streams, to Lake Balsam. From there the route leads on a falling grade to Lake Simcoe, and down the Severn River to Georgian Bay. Only about twenty miles of actual canal is needed to open the whole route, but the bulk of the work is canalizing the shallow streams. The total distance is 216 miles and, when completed, will effect a saving, for small vessels of light draught, of nearly 300 miles. Within a few years the Trent system will be advanced from an interior to an interlake waterway, and, although of light navigation, will exemplify the canal policy of Canada.

THE HOUSE THAT WAS BUILT BY CANDLELIGHT

BY HELEN AVERY HARDY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. WILLIAMS

PRIMARILY, the chickens were responsible.

When the Woman Prospector appeared on Buck Creek seeking gold, the Esquimaux viewed her with wonder. They marvelled still more when she returned the following year with the Pretty Niece and a force of men to mine the tin she had discovered in that region.

Despite the weary one hundred and thirty mile walk back to Nome to file her claims, made the more necessary because the Long Night was coming on and grub was growing low, she told tales of Tin Pan Alley that set the Pretty Niece in a flutter of delight, yet plans for travel abroad, winters in Paris, gorgeous gowns for the opera, were as naught because of a certain broad-shouldered young man who had come to mean more to her than all the wealth of the Klondike.

"Auntie is going to take me to Buck Creek when she goes up to oversee the assessment work," she told him one night as they sat in the hotel parlor at Nome.

"What!" he ejaculated. "Why, you can't stand the hardships. Now, if I were along—"

"Yes," came an answering sigh, "if you were to go—"

"Well, if you say so, I don't see why I shouldn't be Superintendent of Tin Pan Alley Mines?"

"Why shouldn't you?" she echoed. "I'll ask auntie now."

And she did.

Needing a Superintendent badly and seeing no further than the end of her nose, Auntie considered this a

splendid way out of one of her difficulties, and engaged him then and there.

Straightway the Pretty Niece began to dream of the wonderful Behring Sea frontage of Tin Pan Alley, its North Pole outlook, its carpeting of precious metals that read like fairy stories, but no fairy stories could equal her dreams of the happiness that might be in store for her, though no word had been spoken between her and the Superintendent.

When supplies were being discussed, she suggested: "Let's take up some chickens, and have plenty of eggs."

The Doctor Man laughed.

"If you'll herd them, I'll buy them. But what about a chicken house?" he asked.

"What's the matter with a small tent, silly man?" she replied saucily.

"Certainly; a small tent will do," agreed the Superintendent, and thereby earned her smiles.

It was in the Long Day, when the sun hides for a few moments behind the metal-lined hills, that camp was made on Buck Creek. A dark tent had been provided for the women and a small army tent for the chickens.

The Superintendent had long ago learned that fowls as a subject gave many opportunities for consultations apart with the Pretty Niece. It was by his orders that the boxes in which their supplies of canned goods had been shipped were turned into nests, and poles, captured by the Esquimaux as they were swept across from Siberia's forests, were made into roosting places.

When the birds were turned loose upon the peat-like tundra, they considered the new conditions for a time with much speculation, but finally cast an approving glance upon the vast plains and settled down to wake the echoes of that region with new sounds. Until the end of the first day, all went well. Then came a strange experience for chanticleer and biddies. Twilight, such as fowls know and welcome, came in lingering shadows from out the north-east. The Pretty Niece called, coaxed and shoo-ed them toward their new quarters. There was the usual loitering, much to investigate, a weather eye to be cast at the fast-darkening sky to determine in advance the condition of the coming twenty-four hours.

As the Superintendent joined her in her task, the Pretty Niece asked:

"Did you ever see such slow pokes?"

"I don't think they take so very long," he said reflectively, glad of any excuse to linger at her side. "They are trying to get used to things, you see."

When the last fowl had retired, they both breathed a sigh of regret, though it was "grub pile, "and they should have been hungry.

The meal was rudely interrupted.

A mysterious light appeared from that very north-east from which but a short half-hour before had proceeded the summons to rest, and things were topsy-turvy in this new Chicken-Land. The cock, true to his worship of the sun, cautiously ventured to the tent door, and to his consternation discovered the orb of day slowly but surely making his reappearance. With loud alarm, he lifted his voice, and called upon the vastnesses to awake and greet his lord, who had never in his experience risen so soon after having sunk to rest. Slowly the hens answered to his call and flocked out upon the tundra, half-awake, much disturbed.

The Doctor Man laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, as the chicken nurse, as he had dubbed the Pretty Niece, ran here and there, trying to force the refractory birds back into the tent. But as fast as she drove one in, ten came out, and she began to doubt the success of her experiment as the fowls attempted to begin another day in thirty minutes after night had fallen.

Despair was in their manner; suspicion that this new country of surprises was a delusion and a snare began to bite into their souls, and she felt it in their manner toward her. She redoubled her efforts to make them understand her position, her desire to make them comfortable, but when they discussed the matter in groups, she was certain that it conveyed a lasting doubt of her reliability.

"Let them alone," advised the

Superintendent, out of breath and noticing tears in the dark eyes of the girl, "and in time they'll be too sleepy to hop up every time the sun rises."

But when the treacherous phenomena had been repeated three successive times, no sleep having visited the weary fowls, and they staggered about puzzled and exhausted, it was too much for her.

"They don't even talk about me any more, "she confided to him. "They haven't called me 'Liar! Liar!' all day."

The Superintendent offered man-like consolation.

"Don't worry so about it. They are not worth it."

"They are worth it," she stormed back at him. "And I can't help worrying. I think you're just horrid!"

"Whew!" he whistled, as she fled inside the dark tent and remained there.

When sure she was not about, he tried various plans in the next week, but in no way could he induce the chickens to take twelve hours of rest, for the Sun-God had sealed them to his service and they must be up and doing, if they died for sleep.

The Doctor Man laughed no more, for strange dark circles were about the eyes of the Pretty Niece, and he noticed that she and the Superintendent no longer consulted together, indeed they seldom spoke.

"The whole feathered creation couldn't have separated two loving hearts if mine were one of them," he soliloquized, with a settling of his grim features. "Some one has got to take a hand in this, and it seems to be 'up to me, John Henry.'"

He spoke to the Superintendent.

"Anything wrong with you and the little girl?" he inquired.

"Nothing but those stupid chickens,' was the angry reply. "She thinks of nothing else and I've run out of suggestions. As if I had nothing else to do but herd chickens. Women are unreasonable creatures, Doc. I give 'em up."

"Don't get excited, young man. You're growing wise, that's all. Just wisdom pains. One day, you'll know a lot more about lots of things than you do now."

"I don't want to know anything more about chickens. I hate them."

"You may live to bless them," said the philosophic medico.

Then he talked long and earnestly with the Woman Prospector, and as a result of his pessimistic views, she saw all her visions of eggs and baby

A CERTAIN BROAD-SHOULDERED MAN WAS MORE TO HER THAN ALL THE WEALTH OF THE KLONDIKE

chickens vanishing. At last, she sacrificed the dark tent, much to the relief of the chickens, but to her own discomfort, as the change forced her to occupy a white one, and the sunshine that flooded it left her as sleepless and weary as the poor chickens had been.

"They are contented," said the Doctor Man, pointing to the fowls, one day. "Order a portable house."

The precious tin mining was temporarily abandoned. The camp, as one man, inspected the parts, made suggestions, and took turns at reading the directions for putting them together. It was a gala day. But tin mining waits for no man, and the Superintendent soon put a stop to the holiday, finding no joy in the silence that had become part of his life.

"AREN'T YOU TIRED OF BEING CRUEL TO ME?" HE ASKED

So by the next freighter that struck camp, an order for *the house* went out.

The long night which succeeds the long day was near at hand when the strange-looking portions to be fitted together were delivered in the last shipment they might expect for many moons. Such excitement as greeted the house!

"Now that they have all quit fussing about," said the Woman Prospector to the Doctor Man, "you and I will put this house together"

But when the sides did not fit the back and front, consternation fell upon the two. Something was wrong.

"A mistake in the parts shipped," remarked the Superintendent. "It

will be months before it can be rectified, and the proper parts sent on."

"Shall we do without the house?" mutely questioned the two women.

Tin Pan Alley was in despair. A house seemed unlikely.

A consultation was held. This calamity overshadowed the strained relations between the two young people. After the meeting had been called to order, the majority vote was cast for the Superintendent's suggestion: "Make the parts fit."

"But that will take so long," objected the Doctor Man. "Soon we will not be able to see to work."

"Why can't we use the big engine head-light?" asked the Pretty Niece.

"Never!" shouted the Superintendent. "I need that every minute to get out the stuff. I'll do anything to help, but I can't spare the head-light. Besides oil is too precious, and that head-light eats oil."

"Oh, well, if you think more of the oil—" she began.

"I don't, and you know it," he interrupted fiercely, his own nerves as keenly on edge as hers.

Then the Woman Prospector showed the tact and pluck that had made her famous as a pioneer in the first Klondike rush.

"We'll work as long as we can, and then you—" to the Pretty Niece, "will have to hold candles for us to see to do the rest. It shouldn't take so *very* long."

One evening, as dusk fell, when completion was but a matter of a few hours, the Doctor Man made the startling discovery that the Superintendent needed nails.

"Leave the candle here," he said to the Pretty Niece; "you can't carry it with both hands full of nails."

A reluctant messenger, she seemed, but he shrewdly reflected: "Shadows and half-lights have a way of bringing hands and lips—together."

"How are the chickens?" blundered the Superintendent, as he gathered the small hands into his own, caring nothing about the nails she carried.

"Very happy, thank you," was her cool response, as she tried to retreat.

"And you?" he persisted, dropping the nails onto the floor recklessly.

"Oh, you've spilt all the nails!" was her only reply.

"Never mind; we'll pick them up later. Aren't you tired of being cruel to me, little girl?"

"I haven't been cruel—it's you!" And the Doctor Man peering over his shoulder, saw the two shadows melt into one, and at once became most particular about the opposite end of the house, and demanded that the Woman Prospector hold the candle while he pounded most vigorously upon an inoffensive nail.

The Woman Prospector, having no mind to let any man order her about, when she could drive a nail as straight as any member of the male sex, suddenly demanded the candle-bearer to "get onto her job," causing a hurried search for the spilled nails.

The Doctor Man whispered fiercely between his set teeth: "If you break up the reconciliation party taking place at the other end of this house, I'll push the wall out, and you will *have* to sleep with the chickens."

"Are you crazy? What reconciliation party?"

Shading the candle with his hand, the Doctor Man pointed to the shadow-picture-land, and was rewarded by an understanding "Oh!"

"Those chicken playthings came mighty near spoiling that love story," he explained. "Leave them alone. We can finish without their help, I hope."

"Well, I guess," and she studied the shadows no more.

There were few nails driven by the Superintendent that evening, and the candle-bearer neglected her duties shamefully, but the Doctor Man hammered as if his life depended upon his blows, whistling his delight at his successful venture into Interference Land and his defiance of the midnight sun that in its wondrous glory had made the chickens into Cupid's enemy.

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell and Grace Williamson Willett, the dramatic critic, are to perform this service. Mr. Campbell will contribute a portrait sketch of the leading actor or actress in each production. This month we have selected "The Thief," by Henri Bernstein.
—THE EDITOR.

THE THIEF

THEY had been married a year and were still quite mad for each other. To what extent the infatuation depended upon the fact that Marie-Louise Voysin was invariably exquisitely groomed and gowned, it would be difficult to determine. "She spends nothing," Isabelle Legardes, her dearest friend, was wont to say wonderingly, "and yet she is always beautiful and well-dressed."

The indolent summer passed pleasantly in the Legardes chateau. Every morning Richard Voysin motored into Paris in Legardes' automobile to represent Legardes' vast business interests at directors' meetings. In the evening the four friends seemed never to tire of one another, for Marie-Louise amused them all with her artless mischief. Even Fernand Legardes, who upon his father's second marriage had grown silent and morose, regained a vivid interest in life in Marie-Louise's presence. So agreeable were the Voysins that their visit of a few weeks was prolonged into months.

One day a new guest appeared at the chateau, a stranger to all but Raymond Legardes. Monsieur Gondoin seemed very reticent, but observing and anxious to be friendly. Instinctively Isabelle, Marie-Louise and Richard disliked the man and waited impatiently for Raymond to disclose the purpose of his presence. But Raymond was singularly indifferent to their curiosity

* * * * *

After dinner, the sixth day of Monsieur Gondoin's arrival, Fernand and Marie-Louise were together in the grand salon.

He approached her ardently. "Did you find my letter?"

"Yes. I've just been upstairs and found the note you had the folly to put in the easy chair right in the middle of my room. Suppose my husband had seen it? Look here, Fernand," she shook his arm gently, "this kind of thing can't go on. I have scolded you a hundred times, but instead of taking the lesson to heart, you dash off to write me another letter. Look, here is your note of just now. Keep it! I won't have it. And now do me the

pleasure to go to the rotunda in the little wood. You will find, arranged according to date these pages of love! I insist upon your re-entering into possession of your property this very evening."

His boyish face flushed painfully. "No. I implore you. I'm so unhappy. You don't take me seriously, because I'm only nineteen—but I love you with a man's love—as a man can love! It's true, Marise, I adore you! I only think of one person in the world. I only think of you."

She drew her delicate scarf about her bare shoulders with a little frown of annoyance. "Fernand, you distress me. You will force me to leave this house."

"I shall follow you."

She looked at him fixedly, revolving an effective method of subduing the flirtation that suddenly assumed serious consequences. Then with a laugh she pushed him onto the sofa and seated herself beside him with a business-like air. "Now, sit down here quietly, for I'm going to talk sense to you. You are nineteen and you've been brought up too tenderly. As a consequence you don't go out and rough it with other boys and you read too many books, particularly passionate love stories. As a further consequence, you *think* you've fallen in love."

"I *know* I have. I'm in love with you and I'd die for you. I'm yours body and soul to make or mar."

His passion stirred her pleasurably. Although a woman who relied upon her husband's love and admiration for the impulse to live, she yet could not control her desire to have fresh proof of her attractiveness. Still she had innocently gone too far in listening to Fernand. For his peace of mind she must at once establish a calmer relationship. She assumed a mature expression. "Why aren't you man enough to fight against this hopeless folly?"

"I've tried to, Marise—I swear I have. I even took up with a music hall girl—a rather well-known one too. I tried to fancy I cared for her—we went racing together and I took her to suppers and—and—well, there's nothing to tell except that it was a failure. I couldn't get you out of my mind for a moment. In comparison she was to me unattractive and vulgar, and I've chucked her."

In spite of her resolution, Marise laughed merrily. "Poor little woman! Fancy being chucked."

In the instant of relaxation she had become again his good comrade. Fernand's arms suddenly seized her and held her passionately as he cried, "There's no woman in the world for me but you—don't you understand, I worship you."

She pushed him away with the trembling strength of outraged dignity. "Don't, Fernand! Stop! This ridiculous talk leads to no good. I'm going to speak to you as one speaks to a man and afterwards you will behave as a man, as a loyal and brave man. First of all, I owe you an apology. I own that I have been guilty of flirting a little. I'm afraid I led you on in a spirit of mischief and perhaps curiosity to see how far you would go. Yes, and I'll confess it, I was a little flattered even by the notice of a mere boy—we women are so vain and trivial and undignified! But I've never looked at you, I've never looked at anyone but my husband with the thought that I could even let them touch me. It's impossible. Fernand, I'm crazy about Richard! Crazy about him! I'm more in love even than I seem."

The boy was dazed. Then the realization of how abstractly and impersonally his love had affected her, pierced him. "Oh, God!" he cried, and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly he dashed the tears from his eyes. "I'm going out," he said, excitedly, towering above her in slim command. "I shall sit near the small lake and *I shall wait for you.*"

He was out of the door before she could reply. She ran after him, calling softly. "No! No! No! You may wait all night. You won't see me!"

She ceased abruptly. The rest of the party had finished their billiard game and were returning. She did not wish to see them. She wanted nothing so much as her husband's com-

forting arms and the privacy of her own rooms. Yet Raymond's serious expression and the words with which he detained her started a nervous excitement in the little group.

Briefly Raymond told them that for several months thefts had been committed in the house. Isabelle, who was above keeping account of her extravagances, was accustomed to throwing bills carelessly into a writing desk in her boudoir. At last the frequency with which Raymond cashed her cheques started suspicion in both their minds. They added the contents of the drawer and waited. Several notes disappeared. Then they computed that at least twenty thousand francs had been stolen within the last three months.

Without Isabelle's knowledge, Raymond engaged Monsieur Gondoin to investigate. Monsieur Gondoin had been extremely successful in unravelling such mysteries, and he took his place in the household as a guest, upon condition that Raymond should not reveal his identity to a soul in the house, not even to Isabelle.

This evening Monsieur Gondoin had informed him that the investigation was completed and that after dinner he would communicate the name of the guilty party.

Even as Raymond spoke, Monsieur Gondoin appeared in the curtained doorway.

"Monsieur Gondoin," Raymond summoned him authoritatively, "we are waiting for your report."

The detective replied gently, "I prefer to make my report in private."

Raymond frowned impatiently. "I insist upon your speaking."

The detective eyed him searchingly as if warning him of a shock that he might yet escape. "Do you relieve me of all responsibility and insist upon my making my report to you in the presence of your friends?"

"I do."

Monsieur Gondoin hesitated a moment. Then he said, resolutely: "Monsieur Legardes, the person who has taken the 20,000 francs from the drawer of your wife's writing desk is your son, Fernand."

Legardes tottered under the accusation. "You lie," he cried brutally.

The detective continued impassively: "Did you know your son was on terms of intimacy with a fast woman called Mademoiselle Jesse Arnold? She lives at a great rate and is well known in her class. Did you know that he bets? On Thursday, while with this woman, he twice bet a thousand francs!"

"That I deny," the tortured father interrupted.

"I answer for the agent who followed him as I would for myself," Monsieur Gondoin replied with severe dignity. "Fernand has been seen many times going up to the boudoir floor. To-day I left two thousand francs in the drawer, marked. After dinner Fernand went to the boudoir. Later, when I searched, the notes were gone."

The detective bowed to Marie-Louise. "Madame also went to the boudoir floor."

"To powder my nose," replied Marise, hurriedly.

"To get this lace fichu with which Madame adorned herself," completed Monsieur Gondoin. "You see I neglect nothing."

"What is to be done?" said Richard Voysin, his fine face reflecting perplexed credence in Monsieur Gondoin's logic and sorrow for Raymond.

"Inform Fernand at once of the accusations against him," Raymond replied firmly.

There was a pause. Not one in the group felt his fitness for broaching such a subject to Fernand.

Marie-Louise rose abruptly, winding the lace scarf about her bare throat. "Suppose I speak to Fernand. We are great pals."

"Yes, yes, Marise," they agreed in relief.

They heard her voice echoing strangely in the garden, "Fernand, Fernand!" Then it ceased.

Five minutes later she reappeared. Her face was white as chalk. Her voice had an effortful evenness. "I can't see him. I've called everywhere. He must have gone up to his room."

Almost before she ended, Fernand came into the room from the opposite doorway. "Good-night, father! Good-

night, everybody." Then, "What's the matter?"

Monsieur Gondoin advanced until his steady eyes were within a few feet of Fernand's. "I represent the police. Thefts have been committed in this house. Tell me the name of the thief."

"But I don't know it," Fernand replied, weakly.

"Tell me what you were doing upstairs this evening at a quarter past nine. Look at me." Monsieur Gondoin's tone gripped the boy like a pair of handcuffs. "It is you who are the thief!"

Fernand's feeble protestations of innocence settled all previous doubts of his guilt.

Raymond abruptly put an end to the miserable scene. "Go and wait for me in your room," he said to Fernand in anguish. Then to the others, "Don't speak to me! Leave me with my wife."

* * * *

The clock was just striking two when Richard and Marise entered their boudoir.

Marise, nervous, worn by the tension of the evening, suggested retiring immediately. Richard was preoccupied, his mind revolving the strange scene they had just passed through; the unexpected accusation of Fernand, whom everyone considered noble and honorable; his uncalled-for weakness in admitting guilt so readily.

Richard looked at Marise thoughtfully. The revelation of Fernand caused him to peer at everyone with quickened perception. And as Richard looked suddenly he realized the costliness with which Marise was arrayed. Even the lace scarf she wore so carelessly must be worth a fortune. True, she bargained shrewdly, but upon their slender income. . . . . Richard shrugged his shoulders.

He arose to put on his dressing-gown. What a clumsy defense Fernand had put up for his actions. Even the method by which he confessed to opening the drawer seemed ridiculous. Richard drew out a penknife and thrust it experimentally into the groove of the top drawer of Marise's dressing-table. To his surprise the lock yielded to a downward pressure. He opened the drawer triumphantly.

Marise perceived his action. "Ah, what are you doing?"

He thrust his hands playfully into the mass of lingerie before him. And then quite suddenly he perceived how rich and fragile they were. He turned them over thoughtfully, heedless of Marise's restraining fingers and her pretty voice that begged him to come away.

He faced her in swift passion. "God! how blind I have been! I have sown my wild oats and I know something of the price of women's finery. Where does the money for this come from?"

"Listen. I am a born bargainer, and I go to the sales. Why even to-day—

"Nonsense! Are your hats bargains, and the new gowns which you show off on every opportunity?"

"But, Aline—"

"Aline does not work for nothing! Come, Marise, come! I have begged for an explanation. I shall not beg

Sketch from life by John Stuart Campbell

KYRLE BELLEW
STARRING IN "THE THIEF"

much longer. Where does this money come from?"

"Richard, don't shout so."

"I shall shout if I like. Where does this money come from?"

She clung to him piteously. "Richard, you'll wake our friends. They can hear you "

"What does that matter to you," in shrewd suspicion.

"It's all the same to me, but for you ——"

"If it's all the same to you, why are you white with terror?"

In the heat of passion his mind worked swiftly and remorselessly. He did not feel that this was his wife cowering in fear, but only that the woman before him was implicated in the strange events of the evening and that his mind must push the problem to solution. "You are mixed up in this twenty thousand francs business. What? Answer! Your very attitude denounces you! Fernand wasn't only stealing for himself. Or else you stole, too. Speak!"

Marie-Louise straightened herself in reaction from the moment of overwhelming terror when she waited for his accusation. "Fernand is innocent," she cried. "He accused himself to save me. It was I who stole the money.'

Instinctively he recoiled. Then he sat down, crushed. Marie-Louise slipped to the ground, sobbing desperately.

"Why did you do it?" he asked dully. "You, a thief. A thing like that. It is beyond all thought. Great God! What reason, what motive?"

"To be well dressed, to be smart, so that you might love me. There was no other reason. I have no other reason for living but to make you love me."

She raised herself to her knees, beating ceaselessly upon her breast, as if force would convince him. "Before God, you shall hear only the truth. If only I prove to you that my love, my great love, my bad and foolish love, has led me astray, Richard! Do you remember one day—no! That's not it! I must go further back. Listen! When my best friend, Isabelle, married Raymond, I felt a great sorrow unknown until then. It wasn't envy. It was self-pity. I felt that I, who am neither beautiful nor rich, like my friend, should never meet a man I should love, and who would marry me. I should get old all alone. I used to cry to think of it, really cry—a little—every day. Then one day I fell in love. I fell in love with Raymond's best friend, a fascinating man to me, a kind of god, far out of my reach. Then I began to suffer really! I placed you so high that I dared not raise my eyes toward you, that I wouldn't have told my love to any human being, that to myself I scarcely owned my folly. Then, the impossible happened, you loved me. At first I scarcely perceived it. Afterward I didn't believe you. Such a hope was so far from me! During our engagement I lived in a dream—a delicious dream—with behind it a spectre—the fear that I should lose you again. Marriage came, and with it happiness unspeakable, but the spectre is always there, and it has never left me "

"Words, words," he interrupted, bitterly.

"No, Richard, no! It's the truth. For a year I have said to myself, every minute of the day: 'I must keep my husband'. I didn't begin by doing wrong. At first I loyally tried to manage with our means. I went to small tradespeople, to Aline. Sometimes I thought myself nicely dressed, but when I came to compare myself with the different women we meet, who spend a lot on their clothes, I lost all joy and confidence. How often I have watched you without your seeing! I have seen your eyes make comparisons in which I suffered, and I realized that because of bad weapons I was fighting a losing battle."

He watched her narrowly. Gradually the sincerity of her words, of the eyes she strained toward him in anguish, penetrated the cold indifference the discovery of her guilt had laid on his heart. At least she loved him. Only a woman with an overpowering love would have risked such consequences.

Then the quick warmth of Richard's forgiveness was checked. The picture

rose before him of the interview that must have taken place in the garden between Marise and Fernand, of the hasty instructions

He seized Marise roughly. "Why did Fernand take on himself this guilt for you? Only a mistress could dispose of a man as you have disposed of this young scoundrel. I am glad to know you at last as you are. You didn't use your cunning only to unlock a drawer, to empty a cash-box. You are wicked, bad and unfaithful in everything."

The cringing, apologetic wretch was transformed into an outraged and furious woman. "Silence! I order you to be silent! Now it is your vanity as a male which is roaring A mad jealousy has got you. It's rushed to your head—but don't be cad enough to doubt my purity, or I'll hate you forever. I've stolen! I'm a thief! Spit it in my face! Give me up! Publish my shame! Leave me forever! But don't you dare to sully our past love. I forbid you to touch that!"

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

BEFIR SHANNON
AS MARIE-LOUISE IN "THE THIEF"

"I've listened to enough of your humbug! Good-night."

Marie-Louise threw herself in front of the door. "What are you going to do?"

"Wake up your young gentleman—damn him—and have a few words with him. Let me pass!" He seized her by the arm and whirled her around

She fell on her knees but still clung to Richard's hand. "Richard! A single word. You see those windows! If you go out ——"

"Throw yourself on the rocks, I don't are

Marie-Louise rushed toward the windows. "You don't know me, Richard."

He caught her on the balcony and dragged her back into the room. "Do you hope to keep me a prisoner forever?" he panted.

"I ask you to reflect. When morning comes act as you please; but between now and then, if you move—"

"Very well; you won't gain anything by it! We're to pass the night like this, face to face."

"I ask for nothing better."

Richard's eyes burned with a sudden terrific fury and scorn. "You—you're a damned——"

Before the word left his mouth, Marise leaped at him with a scream and shut his lips with her fingers. "If you had said that! . My God, if you had said that!"

He flung her off, and panting, she sank to the floor.

He seated himself. "We will wait for daylight."

* * * *

At nine the next morning Raymond Legardes summoned Fernand, Isabelle, Marise and Richard to the library to hear his decision in regard to a course of action.

The father's talk with the boy the night before had resulted in no new information. Fernand seemed a different person. The father could not draw a word of remorse from him.

Marise, exhausted by the night, whispered to Richard, "It is understood that you have your own way entirely." She resigned her tired mind to the disclosure she felt certain would follow.

Raymond was pale but steadily composed. "Fernand, you will hear no more reproaches from me. I wish to believe that already a passionate desire is waking in you to regain your own esteem. You meant to go into the diplomatic service. You will have to give up that career. You will become a manufacturer like me. From to-day's date you belong to our firm. You will sail immediately for the plantations in Montefaccio, Brazil. True and noble rehabilitation will consist in earning by your own work the sum stolen and returning it little by little."

Fernand broke down completely. He clung to his father like a girl, pleading, "Father, it's impossible. It's not true. You're not going to drive me away like that."

"For God's sake, take a hold on yourself and go. This cowardice! This want of dignity! . . . . . Come back a better man," the father's arms closed around him. "Make me proud of you again. God bless you."

Marise turned to Richard. "I'm suffocating. I'm choking. Have you given up your idea, then? You're not going to speak."

"It looks like it," Richard replied, grimly. During the long hours of the night a plan had formulated in his mind.

Fernand cast a despairing glance around the circle. Then with a mighty effort he mastered his emotion He made his farewell to each. But at the touch of Marise's hand, the full realization of his exile swept over him. He kissed her hand passionately and breaking into sobs, ran from the room. A moment later they heard the carriage wheels on the gravel.

Marise stumbled forward as if choking. "Raymond," she cried, "stop that carriage. It was I that stole the money. It was I. It was I. It was I. Go! Call back that boy."

Left together, Marise sank into a chair. Richard was delighted. His experiment of keeping silence had succeeded beyond every hope.

Raymond returned immediately "He will tell me nothing."

Marise hid her face on the chair, ashamed to look Raymond in the eyes.

"Your son is innocent," said Richard, speaking frankly and lovingly as old friends may to one another. "He never touched the money. He was not even aware that it was stolen till last night. And then he took the blame on himself to save Marise. It was she who opened Isabelle's drawer. I learnt the whole history myself between one and two this morning. And will you believe it? Just imagine, he has fallen in love with my wife in earnest. Your son accused himself and sacrificed himself out of love! After all, he's made of the real stuff, Raymond, and you may be content to take the boy back into the centre of your heart. And now, look at Marise. Aren't you sorry for her? As for me, I love her more than I thought. I'll tell you her only excuse. She stole in order to make herself look pretty, so that I might think her as pretty and smart as the other women one sees. Certainly there is nothing baser than theft! Nothing more hideous. But she is in love. And, after all, when the push came she wouldn't really accept sacrifices—she proclaimed her guilt—and, well, I've forgiven her. In short, old chap, you must forgive her too, for I love her. You know what that means. *I love her.*"

Raymond nodded comprehensively. "I forgive her, too—quite freely."

"One minute. We want to go to Brazil. We want a year or two to pull ourselves together. Let me take up the work you were going to give Fernand. Don't refuse me."

"Dear old man, it isn't necessary—but if you insist." And the two friends looked at one another with full and deep understanding

Raymond paused on his way to the door. "My dear little Marise, Isabelle and I will be waiting to say good-by with nothing but the sweetest feeling."

The door closed behind him.

Marise raised her face. Richard held out his arms to her. "Come here. No—not a word—the page is turned down forever."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

BY MARSHALL P. WILDER

ALWAYS and everywhere, you get what you give. If you radiate love, friendship and kindly feeling, you receive love, friendship and kindly feeling. To have friends, you must be a friend. It is just the old thought, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be meted unto you."

No man wins success through himself alone. He wins it through his friends, through the people with whom he comes in contact, casually or intimately, socially or in business. The impression he creates, favorable or otherwise, is due solely to the amount of magnetism he exercises, for if I were asked the three factors that make for success in life, I should say, "First, magnetism; second, magnetism; and third, magnetism."

MARSHALL P. WILDER

This is particularly true of all work before the public, whether it be on the lecture-platform or on the stage dramatic or operatic. When you come out before an audience you must be able to sense its mood immediately, to feel its temperature, as it were.

It is exactly like meeting a private individual. You must be able to "size him up," to know how to handle him, to feel whether he responds most quickly to sympathetic good fellowship, or to dignified reserve.

So, with an audience. You must determine the method of treatment, the best way to get "acquainted," to establish good terms, and once established in favor, your ability to hold the audience rests entirely with yourself, but magnetism is the first consideration.

Appearance counts for much, yes, but not for all. Take, for instance, Lillian Russell and Fay Templeton. The former is beautiful. You look at her, admire her, but she does not get *to* you as does the latter. She is cold, she maintains a barrier between herself and her audience. But Fay Templeton! Even the smallest chorus girl in her company loves her and to the audience—well, she creeps down right over the footlights, into your heart, and you find yourself loving her too. Why? Because she loves you. Because she has a warm sympathy that extends to every human being. It is a radiant glow that emanates from her very being, and that attracts you as a moth is drawn to a candle.

When you enter a room, in which a grate fire blazes forth its message of cheer, do you walk to the grate, or do you go to the window and look out into the cold? You make for the grate, to be sure. Why? Because the magnetism of warmth and light draws you with irresistible force.

In the summer, when all the beautiful country residences are illuminated at night, you find myriads of tiny insects fluttering about the lighted windows. Why? Because they're attracted by the light and warmth.

That's the secret. No matter what you do, get light and warmth into it. Love everybody. Feel for every smallest atom of humanity the same warm glow of sympathy and affection, and in return, you will reap the reward for which we all yearn—success—the unfailing tribute to all-compelling magnetism.

EDEN WOOD

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

"WHERE ha' ye been who sing so clear—
Who sing so clear and laugh so free?"
"Oh, I ha' been to Eden Wood
Wi' my true love by side o' me."

"What ha' ye seen in Eden Wood?
What sight o' wonder did ye see?"
"I ha' forgot all I ha' seen
Save my love's eyes that looked to me."

"There be strange birds in Eden Wood
That sing a mystic melodie."
"I heard no single sound, I trow,
Save my love's voice that spoke to me."

"Deep down—deep down in Eden Wood
The faery flower hangs from the tree—"
"I thought not on the scent of flowers,
While my love's hair was close to me."

"Oh, lead me then to Eden Wood
That I may go and joy like ye."
"Alas, I may not win the path,
Till my love comes as guide to me."

—*Wander Songs.*

The Tale of a Rat.

by Irene Currie Love

HE was usually the gayest and most debonair of all the happy tribe of drummers, and so it was with some concern that we saw him come in without a smile and seat himself heavily on one of the desks, omitting his customary slap on the back and his irritating roar, "Hello, how's tricks?"

After about ten minutes of glum, cheerless silence which the drummer did not seem inclined to break, someone said, "Anything the matter with you?"

"Only the rottenest trip I ever had in my life," he growled.

"Business bad?"

"Oh, good enough, as far as orders went, but say, did you ever butt up against a week of one-night stands? Seven long days of tank towns where you couldn't get anything fit to eat or drink and where there wasn't enough hot water for a decent wash, much less a bath?"

Here, everyone chortled, for the drummer believes that cleanliness comes way before godliness and is the object of much good-natured chaffing over his carefully manicured hands Indeed, it is even whispered that he indulges in face massages. A stain on his little finger peeves him beyond expression and not to be able to have a daily bath—why, it's an outrage!

"Cut out the laugh," he continued, "the worst is yet to come. I'd been travelling out in the Canadian West, where the 'blawsted remittance man,' if he has done nothing else, has succeeded in making bath tubs the vogue, don't you know?

"That made it all the worse when I struck the tank town circuit, with everything but the tank in full view. Not a bathtub in the whole outfit and I was getting hotter, madder and dirtier every minute.

"My hair was full of dust and my eyes of cinders—you know how you feel on a train when there is no parlor car on board, nothing but the festive day coach, with squalling babies and crumby kids who start to eat as soon as they get on the train and only stop when they get off. The smoking car was dirtier than the day coach and full of a bunch of rubes who smoked two-fer cigars and I was sure the sorest thing in seven counties when at last someone said 'There's a real hotel in the next town.'

"I pricked up my ears and yelled, 'A hotel, with a real bathtub, where we can get a really truly bath?' It sure did sound good to me, and all the way over there, I just wallowed, in my thoughts, in a large white bathtub, playing tag with a carload of soap and a vat of hot water.

"It was late when we got into town, so I made right for the hotel and

DASHING MADLY AFTER HER, I YANKED HER BACK TO THE BATHROOM AND INQUIRED 'DO YOU SEE THAT RAT, MAKING FACES AT ME?'

sailing majestically up to the clerk, I demanded of him in lordly tones 'Have you a bathtub?'

" 'We have,' he assured me, with pride

" 'Then lead me to it', I purred

" 'Do you wish a room or merely a bath?' he asked

" 'Both,' I snapped, 'but a bath before anything.'

" 'Well, I'm sorry,' temporized the clerk, 'but something's gone wrong with the lighting arrangements in the bathroom and all the servants are in bed, so there isn't any possibility of fixing up things to-night. Moreover, there's no hot water and in short, I don't think you can get a bath until to morrow morning.'

"I glared at him. I had visions of lepping the desk and throttling him—I had—but what's the use? You know my angelic disposition. I just looked sadly, mournfully and reproachfully at him and sighed, wearily, 'Show me a room.'

"All night long I lay there and thought about that bath. I reveled in it. I disported myself, in fancy, playfully as any child, in a Paradise of soap and water. I fell asleep and dreamed that I was a merman, a water-god, a Neptune. As soon as it was light, I arose and clad only in my baby blue pajamas, I hied me to the bathroom.

"It was a dirty, dark little hole in the wall, with a filthy, old-fashioned tin tub, and there, sitting in the tub, making faces at me, was a rat. Now I've never had the D. T.'s but if I did, I'd bet all I have that they'd take the form of rats. Lizards, pink or green, never fizzed on me worth a cent and I could go to bed with snakes. But a rat! It's got me going every time.

"One look at His Ratship and I dashed madly out into the hall, looking for help Just disappearing round the corner was a chambermaid, so I called her, saying, 'Come hither, little one.' She looked at my blue pajamas and stuffing her apron into her mouth, giggled 'Not on your life, I'm not that sort of a person,' or words to that effect. But I was in no mood for trifling. Reaching her in about three steps and grabbing her by the wrist, I yanked her back to the door of the bathroom and inquired 'Do you see that rat, the size of a kitten, sitting in the tub and mewing at me?'

"She snickered, 'Why don't you turn the water on and drown the brute?'

"I flung her from me and marching down to the office, went up to the clerk and related my tale of woe, thusly, 'Young man, for centuries I've

been waiting for a bath. I come to you and you say I can have a bath in the morning. Morning comes. I go to the bathroom and what do I find? A rat, the size of a dog, running up and down the tub and barking at me. If *that* are you going to do about it?'

"The clerk looked up indifferently. 'Why don't you turn the water on and drown the brute?'

"Gasping for breath, choking with rage and reaching out for air, I stuttered, 'Call the proprietor.'

" 'I can't,' expostulated the clerk 'It's as much as my job is worth to call him at this hour in the morning. He's asleep.'

" 'I don't care if he's dead,' I roared, 'I'd wake him, anyway, and what's more, I'll stay right here in this office until you get him.'

" 'You can't stay in this office, dressed like that,' he remonstrated. 'I won't stand for it.'

" 'Stand for it, you infernal little whippersnapper. You get that proprietor down here P.D Q. or I'll beat your brains out,' I yelled, giving as good an imitation of Tommy Burns before he was licked by the dinge as I could work up on a minute's notice.

" 'Y-yes sir,' he stammered, and I heard him tell the porter to go tell the proprietor that a lunatic in pale blue pajamas was down there threatening to wreck the hotel. In a few minutes down came the gentleman himself, purple with rage and blue with cold. That color combination may not listen good to you, but I tell you, it's got 'em beat left at the post. He was boiling with rage and emitting short, puffy sounds like a steam engine

" 'Where is he,' he rumbled, 'show him to me. Well, sir, what do you want?'

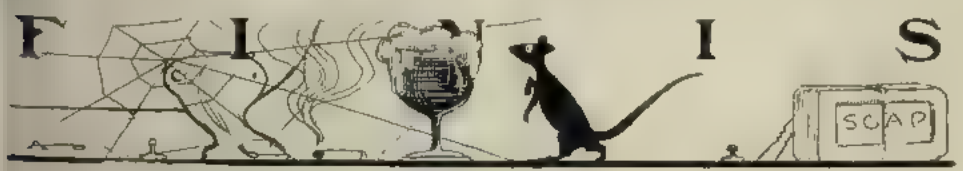
" 'Sir,' I began, 'last night I entered your caravanserai, weary and worn and sad, unshaven, unwashed, and unshorn. I was told I might have a bath this morning and when I went to the bathroom, what did I find? A rat, the size of a horse, standing on its hind legs in the tub and neighing at me. Now, sir, WHAT are you going to do about it?'

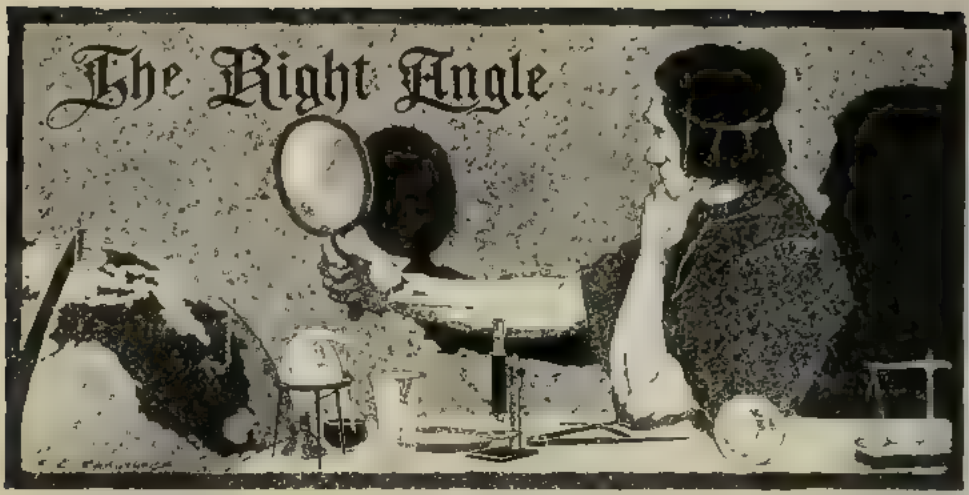
"WHERE IS HE? SHOW HIM TO ME."

"Say, I want to tell you right now that I take off my hat to the proprietor of that hotel. Gad! I never heard such a picturesque vocabulary in my life. If there was anything in the bright lexicon of cuss words that he omitted to call me, I never heard about it and if there are any depths hotter than those to which he consigned me, I don't want to know about them He finished up by demanding furiously, 'Why don't you turn the water on and drown the—brute?'

"That got me going. You know I'm not a dead one when it comes to cussing, so I just let out a few to show him what I could do

"Then I went up, packed my grip, shook the dust of the town from my heels and beat it back to Winnipeg. Say, come on out and have a drink. Every time I think of that rat, the size of an elephant, stamping up and down the tub, trumpeting at me, I get dry," and the drummer led the way to the bar





A SQUARE DEAL FOR MR. RADFORD

To The Editor:—A friend here in Edmonton has shown me the editorial in Canada-West for April, entitled, "Canada Faking Dies Hard," in which some of the newspaper allusions to my proposed northern journey are made the basis of a kindly and not unfair page of comment.

Considering that many of these newspaper "stories" or "interviews" concerning my trip have been wholly or partly unauthorized inventions or distortions, it is not surprising that the writer of the editorial in question should have gained the impression that I had been "victimized" by "apostles of fakerism" and "made to believe" queer things about northern Canada. Nothing, however, is farther from truth; I am in no need of "sympathy" on this score

I have not "been made to believe" anything; nor was I "sent forth" by anyone. The trip is being made on my own responsibility; and, without entering into details, I may assure you that I have had access to ample sources of reliable information, without having to consult any of the class of writers to whom reference is made. Canada, by the way, is not entirely strange to me, since, during some twenty-two years, I have made a series of rather extensive journeys in all directions through the Dominion

Ever since I entered this country, on my present tour, whenever I have had an opportunity, I have endeavored to correct the misstatements that have appeared in the Canadian papers regarding my plans and, particularly my conception of northern conditions

Some of the difficulty seems to have arisen from the fact that my preparations for the Arctic journey were often ascribed wholly to the side-trip in quest of the wood bison, which, as you will note, is only a minor feature in my three years' plan of travel; although I do expect to spend several months in the wood bison country and to make my study of these most interesting animals as complete as possible

A series of unexpected delays in Ottawa and Winnipeg, and the early disappearance of snow in the Edmonton-Athabasca district, have made it impossible to carry out my plan of going north to the bison range on snowshoes; so I shall have to adopt the more luxurious mode of travel afforded by water; and I am waiting here for the opening of navigation, having arranged to go north with the Hudson's Bay outfit of flat boats leaving Athabasca Landing about June 6th. But there will be plenty of use for the "dogs and snowshoes" later on; and perhaps even the "tabloid tea, malted milk and sweet chocolate" (for the choice of which comestibles I have no excuse to make) may not come amiss

The above is written in the belief that your clever and untrammeled publication would not intentionally

lend itself to misrepresentation of the plans or purposes of a visitor's journey of investigation through that interesting northern wilderness lying beyond the farthest fringe of civilization.

Possibly you will wish to make some explanation to your readers so that they will know that the "Canada Fakers" from whom I have suffered most have been the newspaper writers of CANADA-WEST'S own country.

Yours very truly,
HARRY V. RADFORD

EDMONTON, April 29, 1909

THE BEST-SELLING BOOK OF THE YEAR

"SHE threw back her shoulders, standing straight and fearless God wot, she was a woman. Curves and flame! Yes, she was a woman White flesh and slumbering hair! Yes, she was a woman. Round flesh and the red-flecked, purple scent arising! Yes, she was a woman. Torture of joy to hold in a man's arms! Yes, she was a woman."

Thus firmly establishing her in the unusual and astonishing fact of sex, Emerson Hough presents the Baroness Von Ritz, who furnishes the motive-power for his new romance "54-40 or Fight" (McLeod and Allen Company, Toronto). While the title would have one to believe that the book is entirely concerned with wars and rumors of wars and while, as a matter of fact, the story does hinge on the one-time burning question of the location of the international boundary-line, the author has not forgotten that war is at its best when woman is in the field.

MADGE MACBETH

Helene Von Ritz flits through the pages of the book like some great, gorgeous bird. The Baroness is a woman of spirit, determination and brains, and it is she who eventually gains the day for the "States," lending that country her aid because of her fondness for young Nicholas Trist

It is a story of absorbing interest, this tale of war and woman which Mr. Hough has written, and it belongs to the category of books which you sit up all night to read and do not lay down until you finish. The booksellers' report places "54-40 or Fight" at the top of the list of the "six best sellers."

It is a noteworthy fact that this is the second time Mr. Hough has written a book which has won that position. "The Mississippi Bubble," when at the zenith of its popularity, for several months headed the list of "best sellers" for both Canada and the United States

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANGELING"

ONE of the youngest and most brilliant of our Canadian women writers is Madge Macbeth, author of "The Changeling," a story of unusual interest and power which begins its serial publication in this month's issue of CANADA-WEST. Educated at Helimuth College, London, Ontario, Mrs. Macbeth tried her 'prentice hand in the College paper and since then her work has appeared in many leading magazines

An accomplished musician, an "all-round" sportswoman, who can handle a sailboat or a tennis-racket with equal ease, Mrs. Macbeth has many claims to

MARY K. BREWSTER

distinction, but after the publication of "The Changeling," her distinction will lie in altogether higher levels.

A TRIBUTE TO A DOG

IF you ever loved a dog read "The Story of Tasman" by Mary K. Brewster, issued from the Everett Press of Boston. Tasman is the name of a Tasmanian dog, and the story is a wonderfully sympathetic picture of his life and character.

It is remarkable how much reveals itself in any animal, on close acquaintanceship, and most remarkable of all where a dog is the subject. The narrator of "Tasman" has a fine perception of this and she brings sharply home to her reader the fact that, of all animal creation, the dog alone has come across the line and attached himself to man—that no man ever had a friend more utterly unselfish and devoted than his dog. Once the companionship is established the dog is never the one to desert: he is never ungrateful, never treacherous, remaining faithful in prosperity and poverty, sickness and health. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if that master were a prince. He kisses the hand that has no food to offer, and he licks the wounds and sores that follow encounters with the roughness of the world. No where in the book does she express this more beautifully than in this passage: "In lives all-lived there are days of despair, and then the affection and faithfulness of one small dog sometimes may seem the only tie that holds one to endurance. There are days of deepness when the dog-heart seems the only one that understands, because the only one that through all the other kinds of days was true."

Not to all temperaments is it given to know the comfort of a dog's companionship, or the gentleness of his rough tongue on tear-stained hands or the ease of hard griefs rested in the soft thicket of his coat, or the assurance of his kind face laid closely against wet cheeks hid from all the rest of the world. And if yours be one of those narrow natures to which such understanding is denied, it will avail you nothing to read "Tasman."

A SWIFT ROMANCE OF THE "WIRELESS"

CANADA has sent forth at least one romance-writer who has power to see and tell about things that are stirring and strange and still retain fidelity to character and locality. Most of Arthur Stringer's work has dealt with his own country, but of late he has gone afield among the adventurers of a continental underworld and taken for treatment wild life at grips with law. His "Wire Tappers" was true enough in its pictures of very grim wickedness to draw some such condemnation from the overnice as fell upon Dickens for daring to show crime and criminals as they really are. But the book had an appeal of interest as against that judgment, and the public has taken it by thousands of copies. "The Gun Runner," his latest, is a bigger story in a broader scene, and has a whirl of action by sea and land that makes one breathe the large air and taste the salt on the lips again. It is

involved with that occulted phase of commerce which gets its profits out of contraband supplies to those dirty revolutions which are the continuing curse of the Latin-American "republics." Its hero is the wireless operator aboard a tramp steamship.

Courage has its most splendid growth in the garden of greatest danger. In this story, danger is intimate and deadly, and the courage of the hero and heroine is of that unconscious kind which looks only at the thing to be done, and takes calamity and obstacle as incidents in the doing. It is no small compliment to Mr. Stringer's skill that his arch-rascal also evokes admiration, notwithstanding his sinister character and unholy pursuits. Altogether, "The Gun Runner" is "good reading."

KON'S FIVE HUNDRED ROUBLES

WHEN in consequence of an uprising among the students of his university, Louis Kon found himself in Germany and barred from Russia under peril of his life, a fellow student discouraged his determination to come to this country. "You will do nothing there," said this Bildad the Shulamite. "You can't learn English in twelve years, and you can't do anything until you know it. English is the hardest of all the languages for us Russians."

The answer was characteristic. "I will go to Canada," said Mr. Kon, "and I will bet you five hundred roubles now that in three years I will have learned English well enough to write it, and to sell an English article to a Canadian publication, and get paid for it."

"You're on," said the other student, in the Russian equivalent of that vernacular.

That was about two and a half years ago. Mr. Kon came to Canada, and began the career he has so quaintly and frankly described in his "Letters," now running in CANADA-WEST. Last December he sent the script to this magazine. It was accepted—of course; and the notification of acceptance was accompanied by a cheque. He had the letter and the cheque photographed, and the photograph certified by a notary, and then forwarded this authenticated evidence to his friend. Last month the bet was paid.

This is a pretty little story, but it has a moral. English is the most alive of all the living languages, but it yields with least trouble to anyone who has a ground knowledge of Latin and Greek. Mr. Kon had this, and by so far was in the advantage. But his thought of using his English just as he had it inside the time limit of his wager, was a happy one as it turned out, but risky. With less warm-blooded interest and broad humor behind it, the English would not have passed with this or any other magazine. The spirit that prompted the venture was the spirit that is making the new Canada. It can best be verbalized in the old saying that "You never can tell till you try".

LOUIS KON AT WORK

The Russian revolutionist mixes his paints and begins the work he describes in this month's instalment of "The Letters of Louis"

"THE STORY OF THE PLAY"

BY LOUISE F. WILLIAMS

"THE Man from Home," starting out from his peaceful dwelling to get a shave went to "The Barber of New Orleans," but upon learning that "The Travelling Salesman" and "The Yankee Prince" were ahead of him, walked down Yonge Street to meet "The Boys and Betty," who had just been to see "The Battle." They met "The Three Twins" and "The Grand Army Man," and all went down to the Union Station to meet "The Fair Co-Ed," who was arriving from "Havana". Then they went up to Murray's to see "The Girl Behind the Counter," but had to wait a few minutes, as she was selling gloves to "A Stubborn Cinderella" and her "Chaperone".

The men then left the women and stopping at the office of "The Gentleman from Mississippi," went with him to take "The Third Degree". When they came out they ran into "Kitty Grey," who is a girl after "The American Idea". After having afternoon tea with her they went home by Sherbourne Street, which "Every Woman Knows" is "The Easiest Way". There they saw "The Man of the Hour," accompanied by "The Girl from Rector's" and "Miss Innocence," buying copies of CANADA-WEST from "The Golden Girl".

EARLY PRIVILEGES

THE doubt of a University of Toronto professor whether King Solomon, as the husband of seven hundred wives, is the best authority for the world of to-day upon such domestic matters as the treatment of children, reminds one of a story told so often by that great English prelate, Archbishop Magee. A Gloucestershire lady was reading the Old Testament to an aged woman who lived at the home for old people, and chanced upon the passage concerning Solomon's household.

"Had Solomon really seven hundred wives?" inquired the old lady, after reflection.

"Oh, yes, Mary! It is so stated in the Bible."

"Lor, mum;" was the comment. "What privileges them early Christians had!"

EGGS BOILED TO MUSIC

A WELL known evangelist tells a story of a visit to a small town in Ontario, where he was awakened one morning by a soprano voice, which came from the kitchen, singing a famous hymn. As the Bishop was dressing he meditated on the piety of the servant. Speaking to her after breakfast of the pleasure it had given him, he was met by an unexpected answer. "Oh, thank you, sir!" she replied. "But that's the hymn I boil the eggs by—three verses for soft and five verses for hard."

HE WAS HONEST

REVELATIONS concerning the double career of the Russian terrorist police agent, Azeff, recall a

story told of Louis XVIII., King of France, and Fouche, who had been at one time Napoleon's Minister of Police. After the Bourbon restoration the King asked Fouche whether he had set spies over him during the empire. Fouche admitted that he had. "Who was the spy?" the King asked, and he was informed that it had been the Comte de Blacas. "How much did he get?" continued the King.

"Two hundred thousand francs a year, your majesty."

"Ah, well," said Louis, "he was honest, then, after all—I had half."

SCHOLARLY IGNORANCE

PROF. McGOOZLE (stopping in front of a shop window) — "My dear, that is the most remarkable collection of unique waste baskets I ever saw."

Mrs. McGoozle—"Waste baskets! You helpless ninny! Those are the new styles of spring hats!"

SOME NEW PATENTS

OUR friend T. Ewing Riddel, who is in the business of promoting and selling patents has got out a new card. It has on the back:

"Some new companies just incorporated, the Artificial Bird Seed Trust, for the manufacture of artificial bird seed for the feeding of cuckoo clocks; the Woodpecker Punching Company, a new process for punching holes in the tops of salt and pepper shakers, the punching is done by trained woodpeckers; the Direct Butter Producing Company, butter direct from the cow.

"We inoculate the cattle with St. Vitus dance germs—and they do the churning."

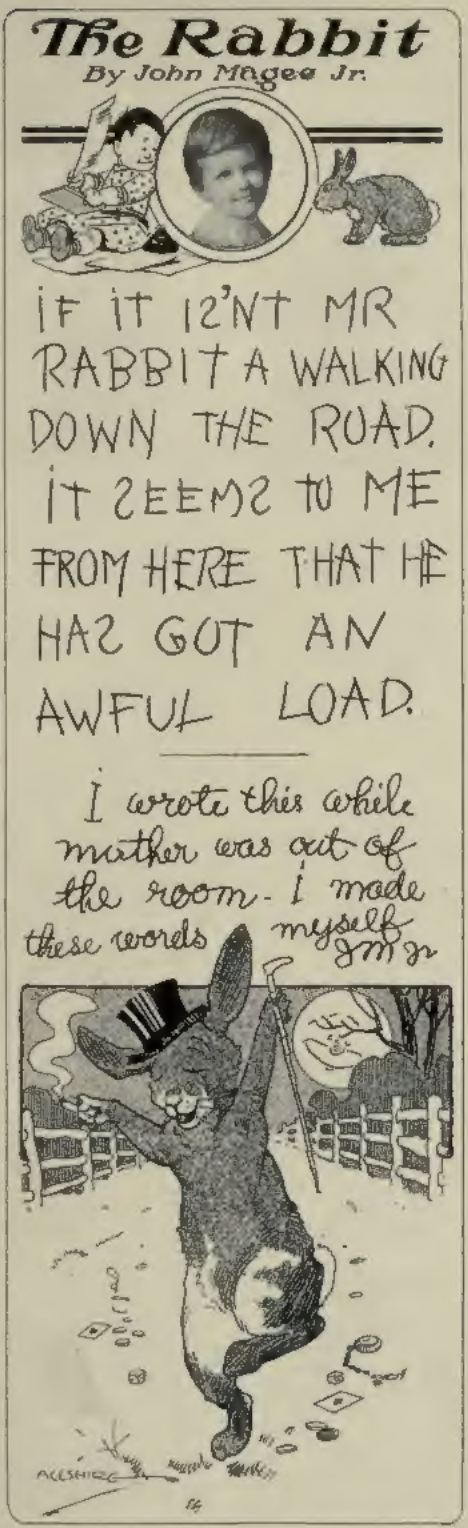
A THREAT OR A PROMISE

THERE is no superfluous verbiage in the note which a Preston tradesman sent to a dilatory creditor: "Sir, the inclosed is a bill. If you pay it you will oblige me. If you don't, I shall oblige you."

THOSE LOVING FRIENDS

NAN (exhibiting her latest photograph)—"Don't you like a three-quarters view better than a profile?"

Fan—"No, dear; it shows too much of the face."


The Rabbit
By John Magee Jr.
IF IT 12'NT MR RABBIT A WALKING DOWN THE ROAD. IT 2EEMS2 TO ME FROM HERE THAT HE HAS GOT AN AWFUL LOAD.
I wrote this while mother was out of the room. I made these words myself
JMJr

THE ANGLER'S DREAM

BY E. LAWRENCE LEE

A ROD and reel, a baited hook,
When tempting bass swim in the brook,
Now some of these I'll catch to cook,
The angler dreams.

Hither and yon, most everywhere,
He fishes, angles, tries to snare,
The foxy fish who just left there,
Or, so it seems.

He sits him down upon the bank,
Among the nice weeds, foul and rank,
Vows such a stink was never stank,
'Long any stream.

The sun burns hot and hotter, yet
He's one real angler, don't forget,
Whose equal he has never met,
Oh, dream of dreams.

The skeeters, gnats and buzzing bee,
Join hands to keep him company,
And w th his bald pate make quite free,
Beside the stream.

The sinking sun shoots up a gleam,
It's night, dark night, along the stream,
The angler sighs, "Twas but a dream.
Oh, lovely dream."

NOT NOW

MRS. CHUGWATER—"Josiah, what is the 'unwritten law'?"

Mr. Chugwater—"There isn't any. It's been written up in all the papers. I've told you that before."

A CURBSTONE CONSULTATION

"I'M afra d I'm catching cold," said Kloseman, trying to get some medical advice free. "Every once in a while I feel an itching in my nose, and then I sneeze. What would you do in a case like that, doctor?"

"Well," replied Dr. Sharpe, "I guess I'd sneeze, too."

WOMAN THE BEST JUDGE AND EXECUTIONER

AT a large dinner party in Winnipeg a lady sitting next to Mr. Evarts, said to him: "Mr. Evarts, don't you think that a woman is the best judge of other women?"

"Ah, madame," said the great lawyer, "she is not only the best judge, but the best executioner."

THE BIRD IN THE HAND

A MANAGER offered a certain famous actress $1,000 a week to make a tour of the world. She insisted on $1,500. But the manager said $1,000 was all he could give, and he reminded her of the fabulous jewels that South American millionaires, Russian Grand Dukes and Indian Rajahs are wont to lavish on the ladies of the stage when they are touring.

"Go home," said the manager; "think the matter over, and let me know your decision in the morning."

In the morning the actress sent the manager this wire:

"Give me my terms and you can have the jewels."

CLOCKS AND MEN

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THERE was a clock that used to say:
"I run the world both night and day;
Observe things, please, and you will see
The earth and stars keep time with me."

O, brother, there are lots of us
Who run things with our fret and fuss—
When we run down, we cannot know
That things go just as smoothly, though.

HOW SHE FOUND OUT

"OH, I have too much flesh!" she groaned. "How shall I work it off?"

An echo answered:

"Work it off!"

EASILY ANSWERED

WHEN a Scotsman answers a question he settles the matter in dispute once for all. On a certain occasion the question was asked:

"Why was Mary Queen of Scots born at Linlithgow?"

Sandy Kerr promptly answered: "Because her mither was staying there." And there actually seemed to be nothing more to be said on the subject.